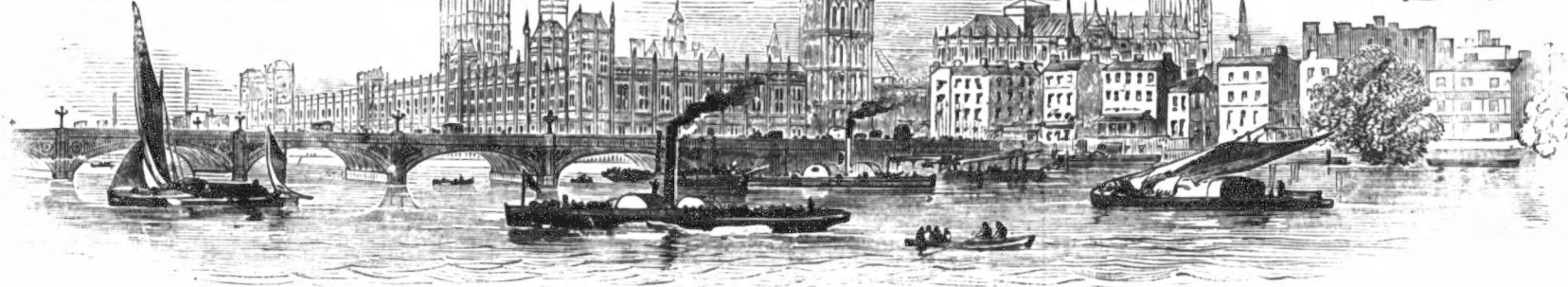


John Dick 313 Strand 3
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE FROM BALFE'S NEW OPERA OF "BLANCHE DE NEVERS" AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. (See page 410.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, Mr. W. Carter, coroner for Surrey, held an inquest at the Railway Tavern, New-cross, Deptford, on the body of Jacob Haag, aged thirty-six, a German, of 6, West-street, Regent-circus, who was found dead on the line of rail near New-cross Station of the London and Brighton Railway. The inquiry caused some excitement in the neighbourhood, from the fact of a rumour having gained circulation that the deceased had met his death by being thrown out of a carriage by card-sharpers after attending Croydon races. At the time of opening the inquiry the body had not been identified, but while the witnesses were under examination the mystery surrounding the case was cleared up by the attendance of the wife and other relatives of the deceased. It appeared from the evidence adduced that the deceased was a journeyman tailor, and occupied a room at the address above given with his wife and two children. He had had very little employment during the past six weeks, and he and his family in consequence were much distressed. On Wednesday evening at six o'clock he left his wife at a shop in Edmund-place, Aldersgate-street, where he was promised work on the following day, and previous to leaving he kissed his infant child twice. Nothing more was seen of the deceased after this (six o'clock in the evening) till ten minutes after one on the following morning, when John Pemberton, the driver of the night goods train from Newhaven to the Bricklayers' Arms Station, saw about 500 yards from the New-cross Station, where he had stopped for the purpose of taking in coke and water, the body of a man lying on his back between the rails of the down main line. He immediately stopped his train, and, accompanied by other servants, went to the spot, and found the body of the deceased, who had evidently been struck down, or run over by a passing train. The wife, in answer to the coroner, said the deceased had appeared very much distressed in mind at the probability of their children wanting bread. He was a very steady and kind husband, and she thought he had by some means wandered on the railway and met his death. The inquest-room was then cleared, and after some consideration the jury returned a verdict "That the deceased committed suicide while labouring under temporary derangement." The jury made a collection among themselves, and gave their fees to the widow of the unfortunate man, she and her family being in great distress.

The liability of an innkeeper formed the subject of a trial before Mr. Justice Byles on Saturday. The Dowager Lady Blantyre took up her residence at the St. James's Hotel; and in the course of her stay her bed-room was entered, and jewellery and money to a considerable extent was stolen. The theft took place before the passing of the Act of last session, limiting the liability of an innkeeper to £30, unless where the property was put especially under his care; but there was a notice in all the rooms that the proprietor did not hold himself responsible for property which was not specially entrusted to him. The judge, however, held that this notice was worthless, and the jury found for the plaintiff to the extent of £587, though the judge afterwards granted leave to the defendant to move to set the verdict aside on the ground of the notice.

About half-past ten on Saturday night, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown, landlord of the Cross Keys, Hunslet-lane, Leeds, when attending to her ordinary duties fancied she heard something up-stairs. Without speaking to any one she went up to one of the bedrooms, and there found two men, who had just been ransacking the drawers. She boldly seized one of them, and he called out to his companion, who made an unsuccessful attempt to rescue. He pulled him a portion of the way down stairs, but the young woman gallantly held him by the hair of the head until assistance came. The other man got away, carrying with him about £8 in silver. The man apprehended, whose name is James Wallace, no doubt a travelling thief, though describing himself as a "French polisher, Bradford," had in his possession a complete set of very superior skeleton keys, a dark pocket-lantern, picklocks, and other house-breaking implements. He had also in his pocket, and which he had taken from the drawers, £50 in money, and a gold locket, brooch, and a ring, worth £10.—*Leeds Mercury.*

On Monday morning an accident of a fearful character occurred to a female named Caroline Mennison, aged forty-two, of James-street, Bethnal-green, and from the extensive nature of the injuries it is feared that she cannot long survive. The unfortunate female got up from her bed at about seven o'clock to light the fire for breakfast, and she went to the table to put out the light of a paraffin oil lamp. She could not extinguish it, and stooped down to blow the burning wick out, when the flame suddenly ignited the contents, whereby the lamp suddenly exploded and saturated her with the oil, which covered her dress from head to foot. She was momentarily enveloped in a mass of flame, when her screams brought her husband to her assistance, who with the utmost difficulty succeeded in extinguishing the burning dress, but not before she was literally blackened and charred over the whole of her body and limbs. The husband was also severely burnt on the hands and face in his efforts to save his wife. She was seen by Dr. Musingham, and was subsequently conveyed in a cab to the London Hospital, where aid was rendered, but the injuries were of such an extensive nature that her case was considered hopeless.

On Monday an accident terminated fatally to Mrs. Susan "Beaver," aged twenty-three. The deceased was a servant of Mr. Ireland, Falcon Tavern, Fetter lane. The unfortunate creature was standing with her back to a stove in the bar, when her crinolene distended over the fender, and her dress became ignited. Loud cries for help were heard, and some persons rushed to her assistance. As soon as possible the flames were extinguished and a doctor sent for, but so extensive were the burns that the young woman expired.

On Saturday evening, a little after seven o'clock, a very large aerolite appeared to the east of Kingstown, and, having remained visible, traversing the hemisphere in a downward direction for some seconds, finally emitted some brilliant sparks and descended into the sea. It must have been of extraordinary dimensions, as it appeared a ball of blue flame of many feet in circumference, a long feathery tail of fire extending behind and upward, apparently for many hundred feet. This, when the distance at which it was visible is considered, argues this beautiful object to have been of a very considerable size. Its light lit up the eastern sky for several seconds like a broad flash of sheet lightning, and was observed many miles in shore in localities where the body of the aerolite itself was not seen. It indicates great atmospheric disturbances.

On Saturday, a man named Curslack, check-taker at the City of London Theatre, was admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital in a most pitiable condition. The poor fellow was performing his ordinary duties, and, owing to the number of pieces that were to be performed, the time between the first and second pieces was limited to a few minutes. After the first piece was over the audience rushed from the gallery, where Curslack was stationed, to get out of the theatre for refreshments, knocking him down stairs, and at least a dozen falling with him. As soon as possible he was picked up, but not before forty or fifty people had walked over him. He was conveyed to a surgeon's, where it was found he had his right arm broken and several ribs. He was then taken to his own home, Waterloo-place, High-street, Newington, and had medical advice, but he got rapidly worse, and it was deemed advisable to take him to St. Thomas's Hospital, in a most dangerous condition, owing to his advanced age, seventy-three, and the severe internal injuries he has sustained, besides his arm and ribs being broken.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* says that Holland is the only Continental Power which has to a certain extent followed the lead of England in the Congress question. The King has replied that his Government will take part in a Congress, provided all other Powers do the same.

The *Vierge* of Cherbourg states that in a speech which Marshal Forey made before leaving Vera Cruz to a meeting consisting exclusively of Frenchmen, the natives, even in that conquered city, standing aloof, he spoke these significant words:—

"We are masters of the town of Mexico, it is true, but we do not yet hold the country; we must know how to wait with patience. I am resolved to tell the Emperor frankly what our true situation is, and that many more men and many more millions of money are wanted if we are to maintain our occupation."

The *Siecle*, commenting upon the above speech, thinks that Marshal Forey would render a greater service to France than any he has yet done if he could stay the Government in a course which promises nothing but gratuitous risk and unproductive sacrifice.

A letter from Compiegne says:—

"One of the amusements of the Prince Imperial at the palace is to go through the military exercises with his young comrades, the *enfants de troupes* of the 1st Regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard, to which he belongs. At the desire of the prince the arms of these lads were sent from St. Denis, where the regiment is stationed, and since then the children proceed almost every day to the palace for the exercise. One day it rained, and the manoeuvres were performed in-doors. During the pause the Emperor took a gun from the drill-sergeant and explained himself to the prince some movements in the use of that arm. The instruction being over the boys seat themselves at the table of the young prince, who invites them to dinner, and always manifests the utmost desire to render himself agreeable to his companions."

The *Memorial Diplomatique* says:—

"The only Continental Power which, in the question of the Congress, has to a certain point placed itself in the wake of England, is, we regret to say, the Government of Holland. Its reply, which has been the last to arrive, states that his Dutch Majesty will take part in the Congress if all the other States do the same. As the refusal of England was known at the Hague before the official answer of the Dutch Government was despatched to Paris, the latter can only be considered as an ill-disguised negative."

The *Memorial* is, as usual, drawing on its own imagination. Holland is not singular in refusing the Congress. All the Powers have returned answers qualified with *ifs* and *buts*, which amount to plain "no;" but the whole burden of the failure of the scheme is cast upon us.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Chamber having adopted a motion in favour of the recognition of the Prince of Augustenburg, despite the efforts of the Government, who are desirous of recognising King Christian IX. as the legitimate sovereign of the duchies, if he will fulfil the obligations of the treaty, the *ru-sour* is current at Berlin that the Chamber will be dissolved. That body, indeed, are pledged by their vote to withhold supplies from the Government save for a policy which has the independence of Schleswig-Holstein for its end.

The last sitting of the Prussian Chamber was marked by a curious incident. M. Loewe having on the previous evening designated as "traitors" the statesman who signed the London protocol, M. Bunsen, representative of Bonn, and the son of the former Prussian ambassador at London, to defend his father's character, declared that the latter signed with regret, and only from devotion to the late King, the document which modified the law of succession in the duchies. "Many times," said M. Bunsen, "have I heard him say that the first cannon shot in Europe would annihilate that work."

DENMARK.

The following proclamation of King Christian IX. to the Holsteiners has been published to-day:—

"The order of succession to the Danish monarchy was intended to be a labour of peace, undertaken by us without personal ambition, in the sole hope of serving the country. It has been accepted as public European law, because the integrity of the Danish monarchy was recognised as being a necessity to European peace. Opposition under the mask of unfounded hereditary claims, has, however, been raised against the measure, purposing the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy. This opposition has also gained ground in Holstein, calling forth excitement and doubt. The maintenance of the monarchy is one of our most important duties as a ruler. We cannot suffer officials to foster opposition, and are resolved to put down insurrectionary movements with armed force. The endeavours of many years to bring about an understanding upon the constitutional relations of the entire monarchy have not been attended with success. While, however, we intend to give to the territories belonging to the German Confederacy an independent position in the kingdom, as has already been accomplished with the remaining portions of the monarchy, we hope that when Holstein finds herself contented in constitutional freedom, and the pretext for foreign interference is thus removed, she will voluntarily incline to nearer connexion with the remainder of the country."

AMERICA.

By the official reports received from Chattanooga it appears that the knowledge obtained of General Bragg's position by a reconnaissance of General Thomas determined General Grant to advance his whole line, which movement he commenced on the following day. General Hooker on the right, with the two divisions of Generals Geary and Osterhaus, carried the northern slope of Lookout Mountain, capturing from 500 to 600 prisoners. General Sherman, who had previously passed over from the right to the left, crossed the Tennessee, and possessed himself of an eminence near the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. These achievements caused General Bragg to weaken his centre, in order to strengthen the threatened positions of his right and left. Next day two heavy columns were advanced by General Grant against the Confederate centre, and simultaneous attacks on their right and left were made by Generals Hooker and Sherman, which resulted in the Federal occupation of Lookout Mountain top, and, after General Sherman being twice repulsed, of the whole of Missionary Ridge.

The latest accounts report that the Confederates bivouacked two miles south of Missionary Ridge, and General Grant declares to General Halleck that he does not consider himself premature in announcing a complete victory over General Bragg.

The Federal loss is admitted to be upwards of 6000 killed and wounded. The Federals claim to have captured 5000 prisoners and forty cannon. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is unknown.

Despatches from Knoxville to noon of the 23rd inst., received at Washington, declare that General Burnside not only held out, but had preserved his communications intact. His position was closely invested on the northern side, but was unassailed from the south.

Deserters estimate General Lee's effective force at upwards of 60,000 men, and he is declared to be fully prepared for an advance and attack by General Meade.

Letters from Folly Island, Charleston, now state that it is not

the intention of General Gilmore to take possession of the site of Sumter, he being satisfied that he could not hold it, but to completely destroy its aggressive and defensive power. The Monitor *Lehigh*, while on picket duty on the 16th, grounded. A terrific fire was immediately opened on her by the Confederate batteries, and for a while her destruction seemed almost certain. The rest of the Monitor fleet were sent to her rescue, and succeeded in towing her, in a damaged condition, out of range.

LIFEBOAT SERVICE ON THE KENTISH COAST.

THE striking of the emigrant ship *Fusilier* on the Girdler, near Ramsgate, was one incident among the long list of shipping disasters caused by the recent gales. In saving the persons on board this and another vessel on the terrible night of the 3rd inst. the lifeboat crew of Ramsgate greatly distinguished themselves. On the night in question a telegram was received by the Ramsgate harbour-master from the Coastguard at Margate, to the effect that signals of shipwrecks were being sent up by the Tongue and Prince light-ships, and that the Margate boats could not get out. Orders were at once given to man the lifeboat, and a volunteer crew was soon in her. The following narrative of the night's work is supplied by the coxswain of the boat:—

"We proceeded about 8.45 p.m., in tow of the Aid steam-tug, on our voyage in discovery of the distressed ship; the night was intensely dark. We went in the direction of the Tongue light vessel. Shortly after passing the North Foreland we could see the signals going up from both light-ships, and after a great deal of difficulty we reached the Tongue light about midnight. Having hailed her, we were told by those on board that the supposed vessel was on the high part of the Shingles, bearing north-west from the light. We proceeded in that direction, but, being unable to find her, we made our way to the Prince's light-ship, the *Girdler*, and her firing minute guns continuously. We hailed the Prince's light, and received information from them that there was a large ship on the high part of the Girdler. We again proceeded on our way, and eventually discovered her position by the far barrels she was burning. After getting into position to reach her, we slipped our cable from the tug. The wind was at this time blowing a complete hurricane from north-west by west, with a terrific sea on, the horrors of which being much increased by the darkness of the night, so that we had the greatest difficulty to get alongside. On doing so we found her to be the *Fusilier*, of London, bound from that port to Melbourne, with emigrants, and belonging to the Black Ball line. This was about two a.m. of the morning of the 4th. We shouted to those on board to first save the women and children, of whom there were a great number. The scene at this time was an appalling one; the howling of the wind, mingled with the shrieks of the women and the rush of the waves against the sides of the ill-fated ship, used as we are to similar sights, made us doubly anxious for the safety of those whom, by God's providence, we had come to rescue. We managed in the first trip to take off twenty-five women and children; these and the others, whom we afterwards took off, were got into the lifeboats by the aid of two of the ship's crew being lashed in bowlines and slung over the sides of the vessel, who lowered them into the boat by ropes—the task being one that taxed the nerves of all, as sometimes the water was up to the nuzzle-chains, while at other times it was quite the other way. The first batch having been taken to the tug, which was in the Prince's Channel, about three quarters of a mile off, we, by her assistance, were again able to get into a position to run to the ship again, the second trip bringing off forty women and children, the latter being lowered into the boat in blankets; and in two more trips—making four in all—we got off the male passengers and placed them on board of the tug, where they were all attended to. It was now six a.m., and the sea running high. We laid by the steamer until daylight, when she started for Ramsgate, leaving us to keep by the ship to aid, if necessary, the captain and crew, who had determined upon remaining by her, the tide leaving the ship. After the tug had been gone an hour and a half, to our surprise we saw her returning towards us, and making signals for us. We slipped from the vessel and went towards her, and were told by the captain that while returning home she had discovered another large vessel ashore, and on her beam-ends, on the Shingles—the vessel no doubt seen on the previous night by the light ships. We made all haste to her, and, with great danger, we crossed the Sands, and got alongside of her. We found her to be the *Demerara*, of Greenock, and found the crew—eighteen in number, together with the Trinity pilot, Mr. Burton—clinging to the rigging. In this position, we were informed, they had been for ten hours. We took them off in a very exhausted state, the sea during the night having made a clean breach over them. We transferred them to the tug, and we both returned to this harbour, where we arrived at 12.15, after an absence of about sixteen hours, the chief part of the time being drenched by the sea. We landed in all about 120 souls."

A COURAGEOUS CLERGYMAN.

THE Rev. Mr. Hughes, O.C., of Dundalk, was aroused from his meditations by his fireside a few evenings since by cries of "Murder," which brought him rapidly, and as it happened seasonably, to the scene of a most brutal outrage close to his dwelling. Two ruffians, named Shavin and Keenan, had beaten a young man named Cunningham most mercilessly. They had him by the legs and shoulders, battering him against a stone wall, over which they flung him, with the evident intention of following him, perhaps to complete their work by depriving him of life, when the approach of the priest induced them to abandon their intention, and to take to their heels; but the courageous curate was not to be baffled by the flight of the culprits. He gave chase, and, being an active, powerful man, began to gain upon the flying miscreants, which, on perceiving, brought them to a halt, resolved, irrespective of the good man's cloth and character, to preserve the liberty which they knew he designed to usurp and to evade justice; but Father Hughes held his own against the odds opposed to him till the arrival of aid, when he succeeded in securing the criminals, who are, thanks to his intrepidity, in the hands of justice, the full benefits of which they are sure to experience. "We hope," says the Dundalk correspondent of the *Irish Times*, "Mr. Hughes will receive the just reward of his gallant and philanthropic capture, and from his diocese a poor parish, where no doubt his talent, piety, and gentlemanlike demeanour would make him a general favourite." Few readers of Mr. Hughes's gallant achievement will take exception to this generous hope.

BLANCHE DE NEYERS.

THE illustration in the front page represents one of the scenes from Balfe's new opera with the above title, now playing at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden Theatre. The plot of the opera is that of "The Duke's Motto," the piece which enjoyed such a long and brilliant run at the Lyceum. The music in Balfe's opera is fluent and pretty, and the singing of Miss Pyne and Messrs. Harrison and Weiss all that can be desired. The scenery, dresses, &c., are truly magnificent; and Mr. Mellon's orchestra, as usual superb.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 135, Regent-street. Advertisement.]

THE RECENT GREAT GALES.

UPWARDS OF 150 MORE WRECKS AND CASUALTIES.

THE accounts that have come to hand furnish a truly fearful addition to the already long list of wrecks and disasters which happened on almost all points of the coast during the recent awful weather. In the course of the last few days upwards of 150 losses and casualties have been reported, the largest number that was ever received during so short a period of time. The extent of havoc on the Dutch coast is now being revealed, and there has been a sad loss of life and property.

On Monday, official information was received at Lloyd's of the loss of the ship *Demerara*, of Greenock, 482 tons register, and of the estimated value of £6,000. She belonged to Mr. John Kerr, of that town, and sailed from the Thames on Saturday week, bound for Greenock, with a cargo of hoops, and with a crew of sixteen, including the master, Mr. James Scobie. On Thursday week she was riding out the gale off Ramsgate, when she parted from her anchors and struck on the Girdler, where she remained until two o'clock in the day, and then drifted on to the shingle. The main and mizen masts were cut away and the boats cleared to save life, some of them being stove in during the process. Signals were made for assistance, and repeated from lightships within sight. About nine o'clock at night the ship, being then full of water, fell over on one side and began to break up. All hands took to the fore-rigging, where they remained until ten next morning, and were then taken off the wreck by the Ramsgate lifeboat, no lives being lost. In the same gale the vessel *Herald*, belonging to Mr. Knaggs, of Whitby, of 172 tons, and valued at £1,800, was lost. She left London for Whitby, with ballast, and with a crew of seven hands, on Monday week. On the afternoon of the next Wednesday, she was struck by a heavy squall when abreast of the Mouse Light, and dismantled. The crew took to the long boat, and were picked up by the schooner *Pilot*, of Goole, and landed at Lowestoft next day. The captain, Joseph Shaw, afterwards deposed to the circumstances under which the vessel was lost before the local registrar at that port. Again, the brigantine *Star*, of Sunderland, Captain A. W. Hall, and belonging to Messrs. Ord and Co., has also perished in the storm. She was a ship of 157 tons, and of the estimated value of £1,000. On the 22nd of November she left Sunderland, with a crew of six, laden with coals, and bound for Dieppe. About eight o'clock at night on Tuesday week she was labouring in a heavy sea off Cape Griznez, and shipping a great deal of water. The pumps had been manned for some time, but notwithstanding she continued to fill. With the view of saving the ship, the captain bore away for Margate Roads, and anchored there with six feet of water in the hold. She was taken in tow, and proceeded towards Ramsgate, but the wind increasing to a hurricane, the vessel became unmanageable, and the crew were at length obliged to abandon her to save their own lives. They were rescued by the Margate lugger *Lively*, and landed at Whitstable. The schooner *Bulwark*, Alexander Donning, master, and owned by Mr. Thomas Keenan, of Belfast, has likewise foundered in the gale. She sailed from Ardrossan on Sunday week, with a crew of five hands, laden with coals, and bound for Belfast. She struck upon a rock at the south-east point of Holy Island, and afterwards broke up. The master and crew were safely landed in the ship's boat on the island. She was worth £300. The register at Lloyd's contains intelligence of the total loss of several other coasting vessels of smaller size during the hurricane, but in most cases the crews were wholly, or, for the most part, saved.

We have to record the loss of another vessel in addition to those reported during the last few days. On Monday last the Factory Girl left Swansea with a crew, sixteen in number, chiefly belonging to Swansea, and well known in the town, together with the master's wife and child. On Wednesday morning last, when about 150 miles westward of Sicily, the ship was struck by a hurricane, and went on her beam-ends, after which she never righted. The boat was immediately lowered, which a number of the crew and passengers went into, and were taken on board a brig, which was some distance off. It was intended that the boat should return after placing the men on board the brig, but before they had left the vessel a few minutes she suddenly foundered, having on board the master, second mate, steward, carpenter, ordinary seaman, three apprentices, in all eight souls, all of which met a watery grave. The portion of the crew which were saved by means of the small boat were seven men before the mast, the mate, and the captain's wife and child. One of the survivors states that it was with the greatest possible difficulty that the captain's wife could be kept in the boat, and that it was only by force that she was restrained from jumping into the water, by which she would, undoubtedly, have shared the same fate as her unfortunate husband. The brig having on board the survivors put into Falmouth, and a portion of them arrived at Swansea by the Great Western Railway last night. The crew on their arrival at Swansea were unable to give further particulars in consequence of their exhaustion.—*Cornwall Daily Leader*.

The following is a list of the noble services rendered by the boats of the National Lifeboat Institution during the fearful gales:—Barque *Isa*, of North Shields, 14 men saved; ship *David White* Clinton, of New York, 8; fishing-boat of Tenby, 3; schooner *Margaret and Jane*, of Dublin, 5; barque *Duke of Northumberland*, 18; fishing-boat of Filey, 2; schooner *Economy*, of Portsmouth, saved vessel and crew of 5; lugger *Vigilant*, of Peel, saved vessel and crew of 4; ship *Jupiter*, of London, 8; schooner *Maria*, of Amlwch, 4; schooner *Harry Russell*, of Glasgow, saved vessel and crew of 6; schooner *L'Esperance*, of Nantes, 2; schooner *Elizabeth*, of Whitehaven, 4; barque *Elizabeth Morrow*, of Glasgow, 19; barque *Confidence*, of Liverpool, 23—Total, 125. Making a grand total of 352 lives saved by the lifeboats of the institution during the present year alone. Besides these services, the lifeboats of the society at Walmer, Eastbourne, Aberystwith, Budehaven, Southport, St. Ives, Lytham, and Fishguard, put off on Thursday and Friday week, in reply to signals of distress with the view of saving life from various vessels, but they were not afterwards required. These services are often attended with as much danger as when the lifeboat brings a shipwrecked crew ashore, the gallant men who man the lifeboats oftentimes being thoroughly exhausted. Indeed, in the case of the Walmer lifeboat the crew were out eleven hours, and returned home nearly perished with cold. The Ramsgate lifeboat, which is on the plan of the institution, although not under its charge, was also instrumental, during the gales, in saving 102 lives from various shipwrecks on the coast. Altogether nearly 14,000 lives have been saved from various wrecks since the first establishment of the Lifeboat Institution, for which it has granted rewards. A boat of its great life-saving fleet, now numbering 125 boats, is found on nearly every dangerous point of our coast where they can be efficiently worked. As each lifeboat requires about £50 a year to keep it up effectively, it will at once be seen that a large annual sum is indispensable to the institution's progress in its good work.

A CAPITAL CHRISTMAS WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

THE GREAT FIGHT.

THE great fight between Heenan and Tom King for £1,000 a-side came off on Thursday, when King was declared the conqueror after 26 rounds.

Heenan's fighting weight was about fourteen stone, and that of King not much over thirteen.

The rendezvous was at London Bridge Station at four o'clock on Thursday morning, but long before that hour the approach to the South-Eastern Railway was thronged with an immense crowd of roughs, who tried by every means to gain admission by the well-guarded gate to the equally well-guarded platform. By five o'clock not fewer than 1,100 persons had taken tickets; and there were many scenes on the platform with fellows who had gained admission in some way, and who protested, when removed by the railway attendants, that "a friend had got their tickets." Heenan arrived before half-past five, and King just before six. The train, consisting of thirty-four carriages, drawn by two powerful engines, moved out of the terminus at eight minutes past six, and everybody composed themselves to sleep, feeling wondrously satisfied with the perfection of the arrangements so far. The locality fixed upon was Wadhurst, about five miles beyond Tunbridge Wells; and there the numerous throng left the carriages, and made the best of their way to a field which, though utterly unsuitable from the low, heavy, wet nature of the ground, had been previously fixed upon. But in the course of half an hour it was found that to fight upon that spot would be absurd, and the crowd accordingly moved on, up-hill for half a mile further, where on the top of a gentle eminence, a sufficiently level patch was discovered, and here, commanding one of the loveliest and most extensive views in Kent, the ring was pitched, and an effort was made to accommodate all the crowd, which was a simple impossibility.

Heenan was the first to throw in his cap, and then the men having tossed for places, the choice was won by Heenan, who took the position looking down hill, and with the beautifully bright sun at his back. The betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on Heenan, who certainly looked a model of muscularity. King was slighter, but looked remarkably well. Twenty-six rounds were fought in less than three-quarters of an hour. At the first Heenan had decidedly the advantage, for he got King's head in chancery, and maltreated him most direfully. King, however, has much improved in his style, power, and science, and though Heenan, by superior muscular strength, threw him in nearly every round, the American could not parry the Britisher's blows, which were well and heartily delivered. Towards the close both men were bleeding badly, but Heenan was by far the worst, and at the twenty-sixth round he was unable to come up to time, and King was hailed the victor amid the loudest cheering. The number of "Corinthian"—including peers, M.P.s, and officers present, has been unequalled since the Sayers and Heenan fight. The universal opinion was that Heenan cannot fight a bit, though he can hug, and that if Mace meets the American the latter, notwithstanding his size and anacanda-like powers, will be pounded into mince-meat in twenty minutes.

Heenan was seconded by Tom Sayers and Johnny Macdonald, and King by Bos Tyler and Jerry Noon.

DISASTROUS SHIPWRECKS.

THE *Freeman's Journal* of Saturday says:—"Owing to the unexampled severity of the gale at Holyhead, the mail steamer *Leinster*, which should have left that port on Thursday at two p.m., was obliged to remain there until it moderated, which was not until about two a.m. yesterday (Friday), arriving at Kingstown about six o'clock. She reports the gale as having been fearful on the Welsh coast, particularly at Holyhead, the incoming seas washing terrifically over all obstacles, piers, breakwaters, &c. It was the heaviest gale experienced in that quarter for a long period, and fully equalled that in which the Royal Charter was lost at Moelfra Bay. Several vessels put into Holyhead for safety, and some rode out the gale securely at their moorings. We are sorry to report, however, that others were less fortunate when bearing up for the roads'head. A large schooner at the height of the storm was blown on the Great Eastern pier. The crew clung to the piles, and were providentially rescued by the hands of the steamer *Leinster*. One poor sailor lad was at work in the chains, but he was also saved before the vessel broke up. The *Triad*, from Liverpool to Swansea, was towed in o Church Bay with loss of all sails and foreyard. The barque *Elizabeth* went ashore in the bay, and immediately broke up. Another drove ashore on the Kiperia Rocks. Two schooners were blown on the rocks, and before any exertion could be made to save the crews of their crews all were lost. Such a wholesale destruction of shipping and loss of life was never remembered at Holyhead. Yesterday, we learn from persons who arrived last night, the town presented a truly melancholy scene, bodies being thrown ashore at all points, wholly denuded of clothing, or partially so, from being thrown on and off the rocks. Up to a late hour in the evening sixty-two corpses were picked up. It was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There were few eyes at Holyhead yesterday but were dimmed with tears when body after body was carried in mournful procession to the temporary resting places prior to being laid in the mother earth. Altogether the number of vessels lost, all of which were destroyed in the New Harbour, Church Bay, blown on the rocks to leeward, is computed at nineteen, including ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, &c., the names of which could not be ascertained by our informant.

AN AMERICAN STEAMER BURNED.—The steamer *Glasgow*, from Memphis on the 12th of November, brought to Cairo the painful intelligence of the burning of the steamer *Sunnyside* about five o'clock in the morning of the 13th, opposite Island No. 16, twenty-six miles below New Madrid. She had a large passenger list and a heavy freight on board. Among the latter were 1,385 bales of cotton, which, with the boat, were totally destroyed. The boat caught fire from sparks from the chimney, which ignited the cotton. She was run ashore, and her engines were kept working to hold her to the bank. The exit from the boat being insufficient, many of her passengers were obliged to jump overboard, several of whom were drowned. The scene is described as most terrible. Of thirteen female passengers only four escaped, and of eight children six were lost. About thirty passengers in all were drowned or burnt. The boat's book and the money on board were lost. The *Glasgow* brought the survivors here, most of whom lost everything they possessed.—*New York Herald*.

CHRONOLOGICAL PRODUCTIONS.—"Ranged around the base of the clock were the Watches which Mr. Benson exhibited, and which have been universally admired for the beauty and elegance of the designs engraved upon them. The movements are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 8, 1862. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices from three to 200 guineas. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent by post. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, Classes 13 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

HOMICIDE BY A FRENCH OFFICER.

THE Military Tribunal of Paris tried Lieutenant Fleury, of the 4th Regiment of Voltigeurs of the Guard, aged 28, on a charge of having murdered, on the 18th of August last, a married woman, named Petit, a clear-starcher, who had a shop in the Passage de Cherbourg. The facts of the case, as ascertained by the prisoner's confession and the evidence of numerous witnesses, may be briefly stated as follows:—On the 10th of April the prisoner, when passing through the Passage de Cherbourg saw the woman Petit for the first time, and at once conceived a strong passion for her. He returned in the evening with the intention of obtaining an interview. In this he succeeded, and was much chagrined to learn that she was married, and had a husband living, who was a painter by trade. This discovery, however, did not deter him, for he saw her again on the following day, and she then consented to visit him at his own lodgings. She kept her word, and remained with him alone for several hours. A day or two later the prisoner went to the woman's shop under the pretext of having linen to wash, and was introduced to her husband. From that time he spent all his leisure hours at the shop, often going in full uniform, and sometimes stayed all night, sleeping on a bed made up on purpose for him in the same room where the wife and her husband slept. This continued for two months, when the woman persuaded him to leave his lodging in the Rue de Vienne, and to partially furnish an apartment which she had hired in the Rue St. Nicholas, and from which they afterwards removed to the Rue Laborde. Here they led a very gay life, frequently giving parties, which were attended by the prisoner's friends, accompanied by their mistresses. On some of these occasions the woman Petit excited the prisoner's jealousy by her conduct towards the male visitors. This was especially the case on the 9th of August, when a lieutenant named Giuganti and his mistress were present. The prisoner was so much offended on this occasion that he then threatened to cease all connexion with her, and even wrote to his father for money to enable him to settle his accounts with her. Unfortunately the money was refused, and the prisoner's resolve to break with his mistress was not carried into execution. On the contrary, his infatuation became greater than ever, and the woman irritated him more and more by having rendezvous, the object of which she refused to explain. On the morning of the 18th she promised to be at home when he came, but was absent, and he then learnt from one of her washerwomen that she was out with a gentleman. A few minutes later he saw her alight from a hackney coach at the end of the passage, and he received her with reproaches, which she answered in the most offensive manner. She even told her workwomen that if Bebe (such was the nickname given to the prisoner at the shop) were ever troublesome, they must smack his face and turn him out. Peace, however, was restored on the arrival of a stranger, and the prisoner afterwards asked pardon for the language he had used, and said that he would come and take her out for a walk in the evening. She replied that she would not go with him, as she had an engagement which she intended to keep, but would not say with whom. The prisoner then exclaimed, "I will take care to prevent your going." He soon afterwards withdrew, but returned just before eight in the evening. After his arrival, the four women who were ironing in the shop fancied they smelt gunpowder, and one of them went out to see if any boys were letting off crackers in the street. The prisoner appeared to take no notice of what had been said. About nine o'clock the woman Petit, seeing Lieutenant Giuganti passing before the shop, called him and said, "How proud are you! Won't you come in and kiss me?" Giuganti did as she wished, and afterwards asked her to go with him and the prisoner to the latter's lodgings, which she refused, saying that she had an engagement elsewhere. About ten the woman Petit sent one of her women after a man who had just passed the door. In a minute the messenger returned, and said that the gentleman was waiting for her mistress in the Rue d'Anjou. The latter was going out at the back door, when the prisoner seized her by the hand to detain her. She refused to stop, and he then discharged a pistol at her head. The ball did not penetrate the skull but stunned her, and leaning on a table she exclaimed, "My sight is going!" She had scarcely uttered these words when the prisoner stabbed her to the heart, and rushing into the street he gave himself into the custody of a sergeant de ville. Giuganti, who was present when she pistol was fired, seemed to have lost his wits, for instead of arresting the murderer, he ran away as fast he could. All these facts were fully established by the evidence given in court, and the only doubtful points were whether the murder was premeditated, and whether the prisoner was insane at the time. A great many witnesses deposed that his family, both on the father's and mother's side, were subject to insanity. His two grandmothers had died having mad, and he had a sister at the present moment in a lunatic asylum, who fancied that she is the spouse of Jesus Christ and has been told so by an angel. The medical witnesses who gave evidence respecting the prisoner's sanity all agreed that, whatever he might have been at the moment of the crime, he had not been mad since. The prisoner's counsel (M. Lachaud) endeavoured to show that the disease hereditary in his client's family might reasonably be supposed to have been the cause of the crime. The tribunal, however, did not consider such to be the case, for it declared the prisoner "Guilty" of wilful murder, but with the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and unanimously condemned him to twenty years' hard labour, military degradation, and to be under the surveillance of the police for life.

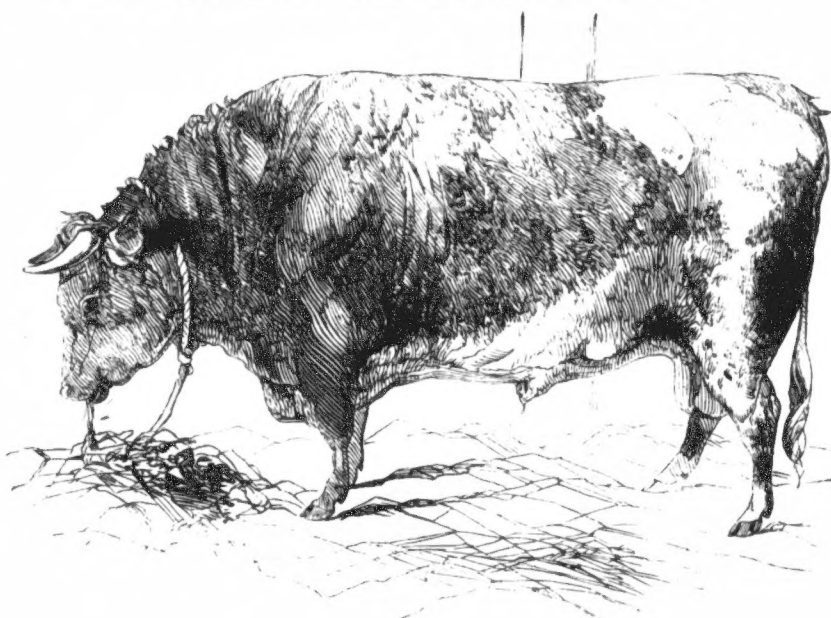
THE BURNING OF KAGOSIMA.—The Peace Society have presented to the Queen, by the Home Secretary, a memorial on the dreadful character of the late operations in Japan, and particularly the burning of Kagosima, containing from 150,000 to 180,000 inhabitants. After representing the facts, too well known to our readers, the memorialists say:—"The committee respectfully submit to your Majesty that this tremendous act of vengeance, inflicted by British arms, cannot be justified on any ground, they will not say of justice and humanity, but of international law, or even of the laws of war. However heinous may have been the criminality of those concerned in the act for which redress was sought, the people of Kagosima, situated at a considerable distance from the scene of the outrage, were in no respect implicated in the guilt. Your Majesty's memorialists are profoundly convinced that acts like these, unhappily of too frequent occurrence in those remote regions, are inflicting a deep and lasting injury on the character of this country. Far from helping, they create an insurmountable barrier in the way of our progress as the professed apostles of civilization and Christianity in the East. They afford matter of just reproach against us to other nations, and take from us the power of remonstrance or rebuke with them, whatever acts of injustice or oppression they may commit. They dishonour our Christian profession before the face of the world; and, may we not justly apprehend that they may expose us to the righteous displeasure of Him by whose signal favour our country has been raised to such unexampled power and prosperity? The committee of the Peace Society, therefore, most humbly, but most earnestly, entreat your Majesty to withhold your royal sanction from this great outrage, perpetrated in your Majesty's name, on the unoffending people of Kagosima! And your Majesty's memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.—JOSEPH PRASE (President), SAMUEL GURNEY (Treasurer), HENRY RICHARD (Secretary)."

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

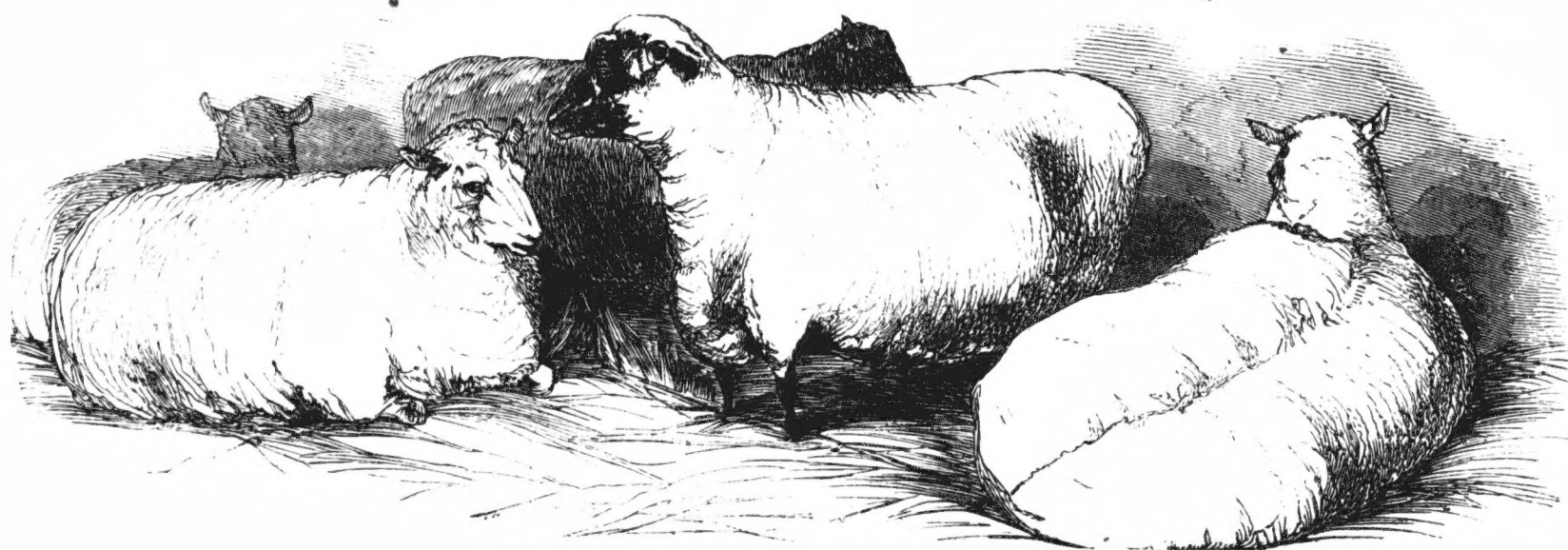
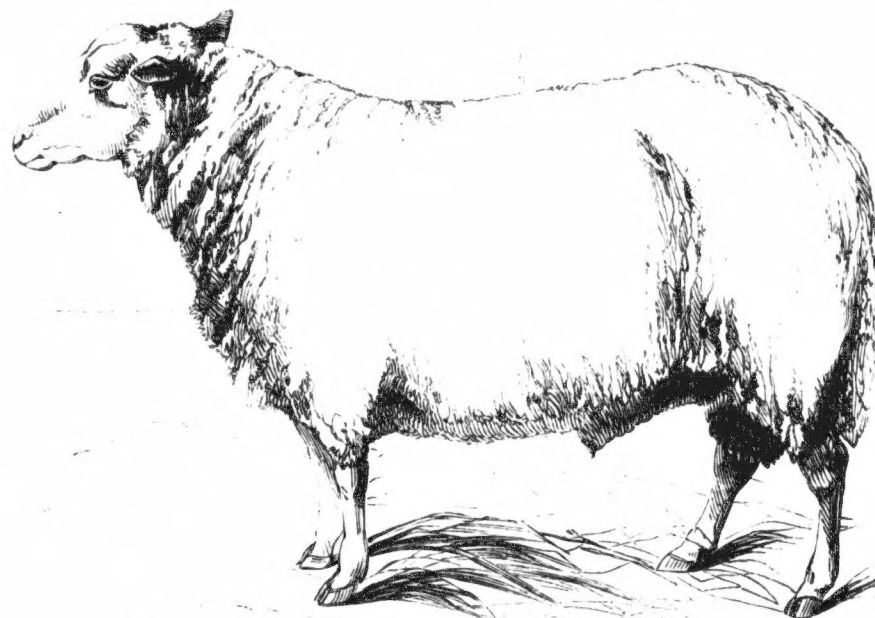
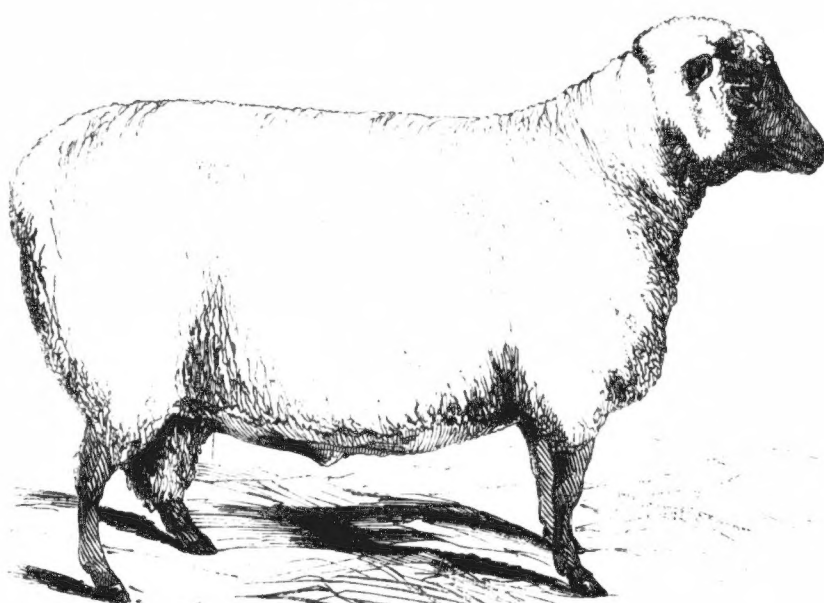
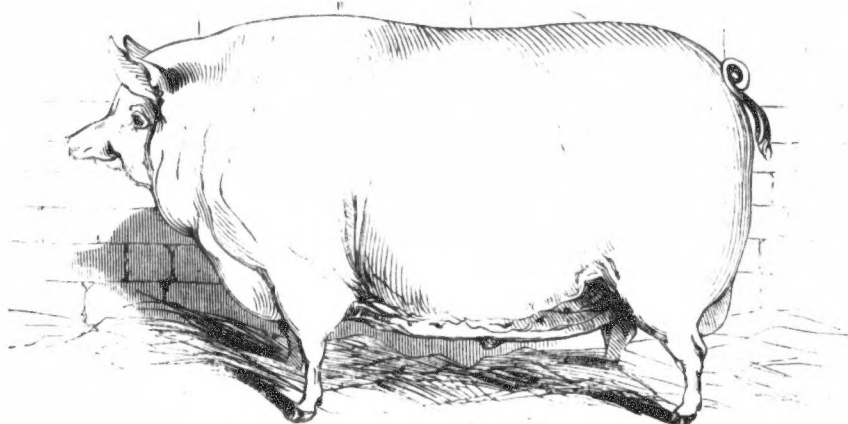
THE streets of London are already beginning to wear that attractive livery which they annually assume to indicate the near approach of the Christmas festival. On all sides, in the poorest as well as the richest districts, poulterers are holding out tempting baits in the articles of geese, turkeys, and capons; grocers are making the most of their plums, currants, and the other delicacies which constitute the ingredients of the family pudding, and publicans' hampers of bad spirits and worse wine at a guinea apiece are as thick as blackberries in a Surrey vale during the month of August. As if apprehensive that the inhabitants of Cockaigne were falling off in their veneration for yule tide, and had taken to more temperate habits both in eating and drinking, learned dissertations have been issued and circulated in myriads by enterprising tradesmen, in which the propriety of observing the season in the old orthodox fashion is set forth in general, and the wisdom and economy of patronising certain establishments in particular, are urged with a good deal of cleverness, not unmixed with a dash of impudence. Indeed, it was only a day or two ago that we had placed in our hands a brochure on the subject of fermented liquors, which wound up with a solemn argument in favour of drinking! But what most forcibly reminds one of the jovial time, now drawing near at hand, is the great annual exhibition of live stock by the Smithfield Club, and the presence in our streets of a class of men who are only seen here in

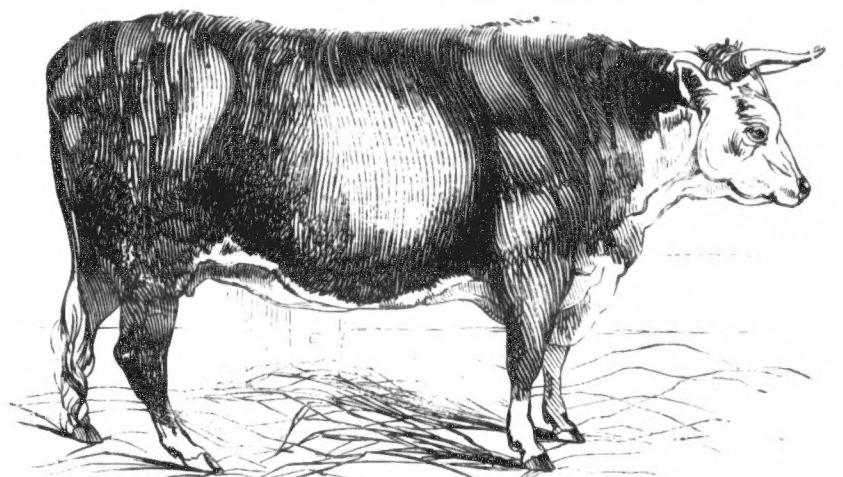
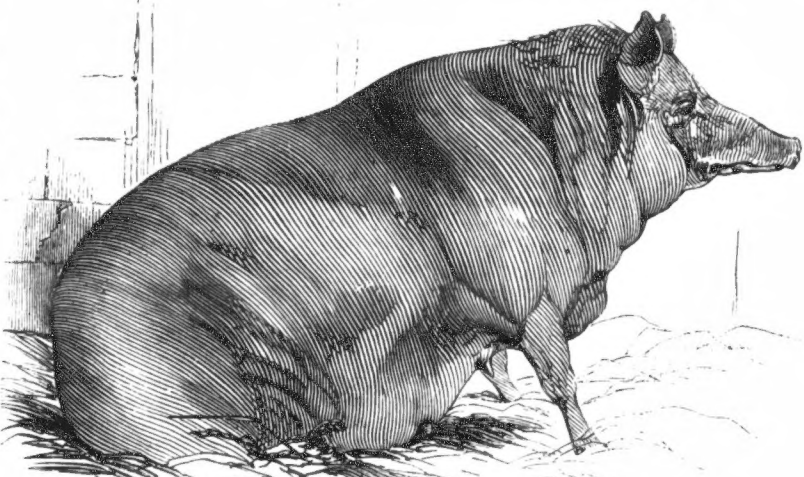
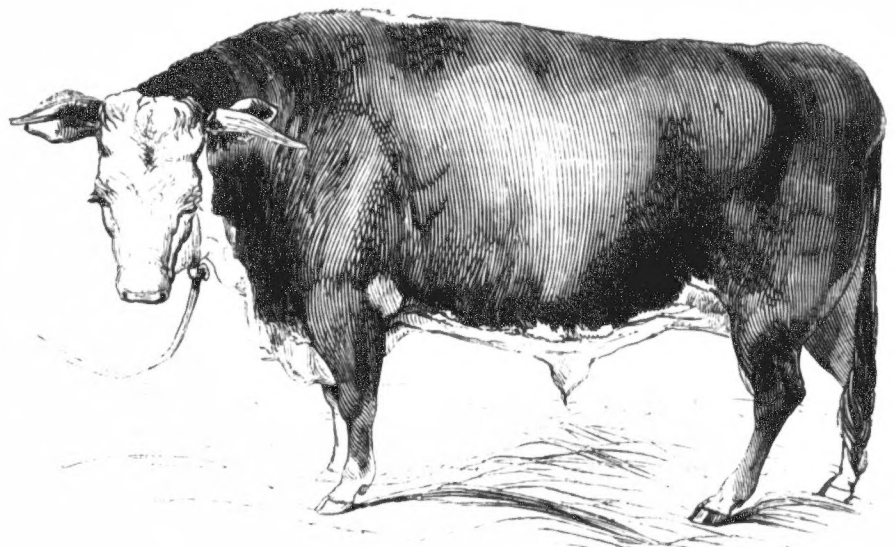
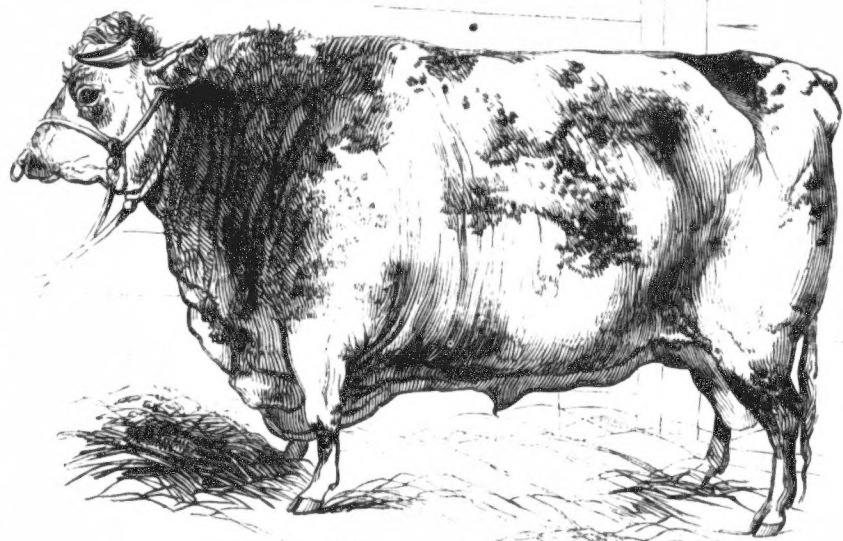
PRIZE CATTLE AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



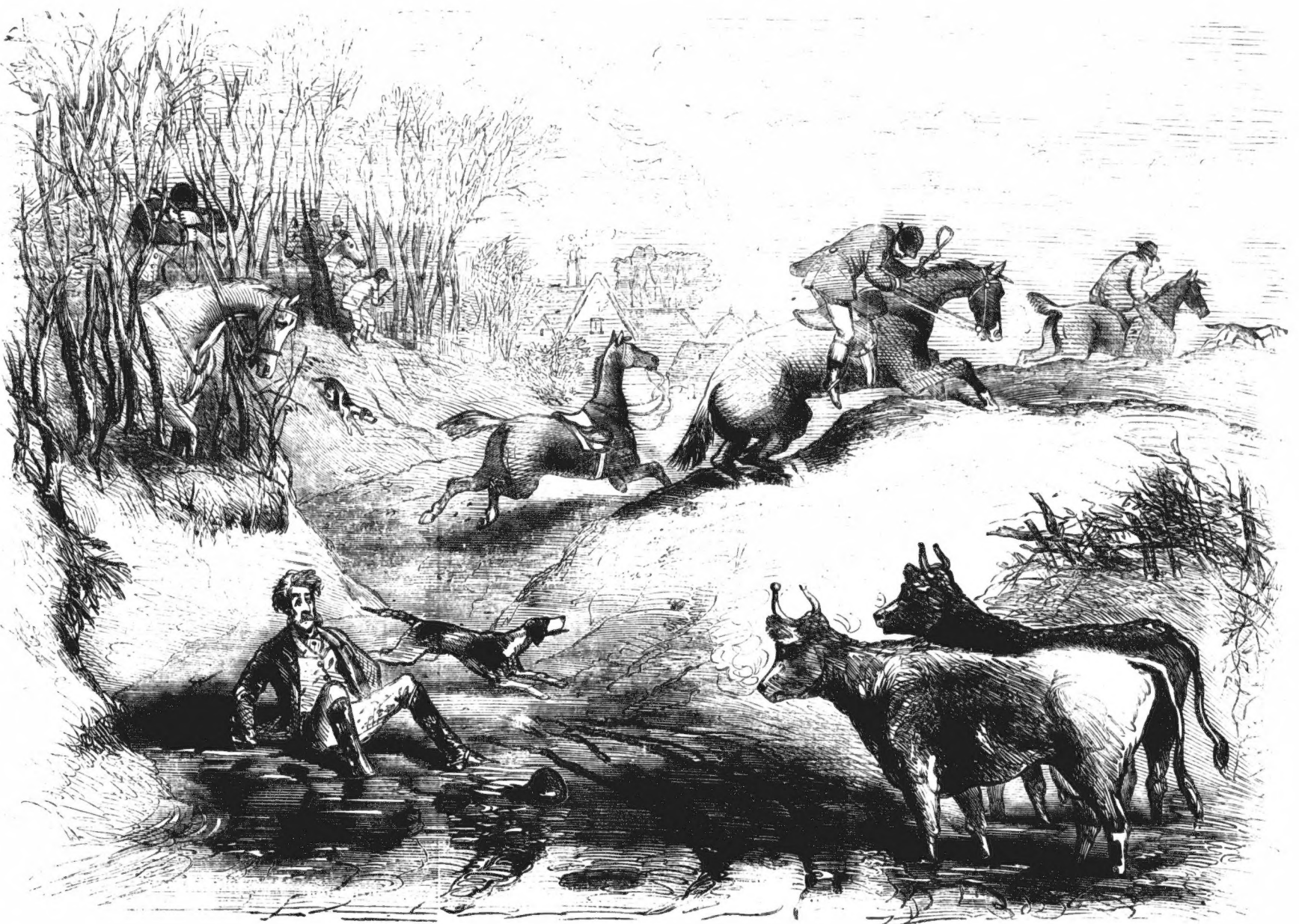
such numbers during one week of the year, and the counterparts of whom will be sought for in vain in any other part of the world. A broad-shouldered and manly-looking race; heavy and perhaps slouching in their gait, but with firmly-set legs and no uncertain steps; presenting all the outward signs of well-to-doedness, carrying the head high, and looking you full in the face; the accent provincial, suggestive of far-off Devonshire or Yorkshire, the hilly country of Wales or the fenny tracts of broad Lincolnshire—there need be no mistake in at once identifying our old friend the English farmer, who by his welcome visit amongst us calls up pleasant memories and reproduces many a charming pastoral scene. It is in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, however, in the midst of the splendid stock which he has done so much to bring to perfection, and to make almost as eminent as himself, that he is to be seen to great advantage, and there the public is privileged to view him in all his glory.

The show was opened on Monday afternoon on the conclusion of the labours of the judges; but prior to that event it was honoured with a visit by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Duc de Brabant, who were attended by General Knollys, Major-General Hood, Colonel Keppel, and Colonel De Roos. The royal visitors were received by Lord Walsingham, president of the club, the Duke of Richmond, and other members of the club, by whom they were conducted through the hall, where they remained about an hour. The heir apparent has no entries of stock in his own name; but the mag-





SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW. (See page 406.)



HUNTING SKETCHES.—NO. 2. (See page 407.)

nificent breed of Devons, Herefords, and other classes of animals, to the improvement of which the late Prince Consort devoted so much of his attention, were represented in that of Major-General Hood, the manager of the late Prince's Norfolk farm. The illustrations of the horned cattle on our previous page are taken from among those exhibited by Major Hood, with the exception of the first, Mr. W. H. Baker's, of Cottesmore, which bore off the first prize for shorthorns.

Comparing the present show with that of last year and the year before, we find that the number of entries is 455 as against 419 and 349 respectively; whilst the number of exhibitors is increased over last year by about twenty. This is, therefore, in point of extent, the largest show that has taken place under the auspices of the Smithfield Club since its formation. Whilst, however, it has thus strikingly illustrated the theory of development in one direction, it fails to do so in another; and enormous as were its dimensions, it can hardly be admitted that improvement in the quality of the stock has been maintained at an equal pace.

So far as the cattle classes were concerned especially, there was every phase of beauty and ugliness, little and big, smooth and rough; but the wonder is that people are to be found entering for competition cattle that the most untutored eye and hand must condemn with both sight and touch. In this department the gem of the whole exhibition was undoubtedly the Devons. There was not an inferior specimen among the lot. All were of the highest and purest breed, and the competition so keen that the judges confess to have encountered greater difficulty here than in any other class. Some delay having occurred in affixing the placard announcing the award of the silver cup to the best ox or steer in any of the classes, the opinion of the visitors was pronounced decidedly in favour of Mr. Heath's Devon ox, the winner of a first prize; and when at length their announcement appeared conferring the honour on the same gentleman's Hereford ox surprise and disappointment were pretty freely and generally expressed. The superiority of the Devons was manifest in the splendid condition in which they had come to the stalls, indicating that necessary amount of care and attention by which this aristocratic branch of the bovine tribe may be made to produce, and as economically more meat and less fat, in proportion to the size of bone and surface, than any other breed. Mr. Heath's Hereford is, of course, a capital beast, and carries an immense quantity of meat; but he seems to come short about the shoulders, where the flesh is thinly laid on, and the barrel or cylinder is not so round or well filled out as the Devon. Before leaving the Hall we learnt that Mr. Davis, of the Black Bull Inn, Cattle Market, had become the purchaser of the former, at the handsome figure of eighty guineas. Such a price affords no criterion as to the real value of the animal, although it may answer the buyer's purpose to cater for his customers by cutting him up with a prize pig into sandwiches. It is a mere fancy price; and if it became anything like a ruling one, English beef, we fear, would become a luxury, and the diet of very few Englishmen not of the wealthier classes. The silver cup for the best cow in any of the classes was adjudicated to Mr. Swayland's short-horned heifer, and we have not heard a word against the decision.

The show of Sussex cattle was more than usually large, and displayed much improvement. Some of them were so much like the Devons, to which in their habits and other qualities they closely approximate, as to make it exceedingly difficult for the tyro to distinguish the one from the other. Amongst the Scotch polled, the cross or mixed bred cattle, and the extra stock, there were very many capital beasts.

In the sheep classes the Southdowns bore off the bell. The Leicester were good, but not numerous, though of fair average quantity. The Cotswolds only showed two pens, and neither deemed worthy of a prize. Hampshire and Wiltshire downs, Shropshire, Oxford, Mountain, and cross-breds, all made a very fine display. A group, as illustrative of several breeds, we give on our previous page.

The pig classes were well filled, and the show in this department was a little larger than last year; whilst there were fewer examples of over-fattening, or overgrown and unwieldy animals, suggestive of bladders of lard rather than good honest bacon, than is ordinarily the case. The gold medal for the best pen of pigs in any of the classes has been appropriated by Major-General Hood, for the pen of three Berkshires, bred at the Prince Consort's farm, and which are described as having been fed on barley meal and "sharps." The Countess of Chesterfield, Burton-on-Trent, and Mr. T. B. Lennard, Romford, both exhibited beautiful stock of this kind, perfectly white. Indeed, with the exception of one or two pens of black pigs, among them Mr. Baker's, of Christchurch, Hants, all were white. We have selected one from each of the above three exhibitors for our illustration.

Underneath and in the galleries there was the usual exhibition of agricultural implements and other machines for farming and dairy purposes, with seeds, roots, and artificial manures. The exhibitors comprised all the well-known houses engaged in these branches of trade; but the stand of the Royal Berkshire seed establishment was conspicuous for the magnificent show it made of turnips, mangold, potatoes, Kohl-rabi, the "new student parsnips," and vast collection of rare and choice grasses.

A medal commemorative of the late Mr. Jonas Webb was placed in the grand avenue of the Hall, amongst the cups and other awards of the club; and a small statuette in plaster, representing the great breeder of sheep occupying the same position. The medal was designed by the Chevalier Charles Wiener, medalist to the King of the Netherlands, and was executed by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, 222, Regent-street; the likeness is a three-quarter face, and is very correct. The statuette was designed and executed by Mr. Bacon, the well-known sculptor.

The Court.

Lord Wodehouse and the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday. Lord Wodehouse had an audience of the Queen. The dinner party consisted of their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia and Princess Helena, Lord Wodehouse, and the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting. The Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Prince Leopold, and her Serene Highness the Princess Hohenlohe, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Rev. C. Tarter preached the sermon. Colonel the Hon. A. Liddell has succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel F. Cavendish as Groom in Waiting.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will follow the Queen to Osborne, and join the royal family circle at Christmas, where they will remain till January next, and then return to Windsor. Although the precise day on which the Court will leave Windsor has not been positively fixed, Tuesday is the day at present mentioned.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Prussia, honoured the performance of "Bel Shams" with their presence on Monday evening at the Lyceum Theatre.

The King of the Greeks has written to congratulate his father on his accession to the throne. The letter commences with the usual formula among crowned heads, "Monsieur mon Frere," (Sir, my brother).

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* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

A SHODDY DEALER.—The two papers can be sent as you desire. O. G. K.—Apply to Mr. William Baden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-Inn-square, relative to a divorce, which will most probably cost you about thirty pounds. You would be certain to obtain it, if you can prove all the facts you mention.

B. S.—A person having been once acquitted on a charge of murder, cannot be tried a second time for the same offence.

S. O.—A bill of sale must be registered to be of any use as against creditors.

N. T.—The Brunswick Theatre, Wellclose-square, fell during a rehearsal on the 18th February, 1838.

FARMER.—The whole of the United Kingdom, with the British Isles, comprises about 80,000,000 acres.

R. A.—The Royal Academy of Arts was founded under the auspices of George III., in 1768. Sir Joshua Reynolds was its first president.

THEATRE.—"London Assurance" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, March, 4th, 1841.

A POOR MAN.—A tenant has the whole of the quarter-day on which the rent becomes due to pay the same.

R. F.—Lord William Russell was murdered in 1840.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		A. M.	P. M.
12	S	Sir M. J. Brunel died, 1849	2 29	3 2
13	S	3rd Sunday in Advent...	3 26	3 49
14	M	Prince Albert died, 1861	4 12	4 35
15	T	Isaac Walton died, 1683	4 58	5 23
16	W	George Whitfield born, 1714	5 49	6 16
17	T	Sir H. Davy born, 1778	6 42	7 7
18	F	Rubens born, 1577	7 36	8 7

MOON'S CHANGES.—First Quarter, 17th, 11.46 a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Isaiah 25; Acts 13. AFTERNOON. Isaiah 25; 1 Peter 1.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the soundness of the financial policy pursued by the imperial Government of France since the creation of the new dynasty, none can be entertained respecting the abilities and the prudence of the minister to whom, for some time past, has been entrusted the duty of balancing as nearly as possible the national revenues with the national expenditure. M. Fould has a difficult task to perform; but it is easy to perceive that, so far as he is personally concerned, he is sincerely anxious of curbing within moderate limits the extravagant expenditure into which his predecessors so recklessly plunged. For the deficits which appear upon the face of his budget he is not responsible; but with those deficits to provide for, it is impossible to question the soundness of the policy which he advises the Emperor to pursue. The aggregate of the deficits of several succeeding years has now amounted to nearly forty millions sterling, and it is time that a portion of this should be consolidated. The State owes a certain sum of money, and the question necessarily presents itself as to the most advantageous mode in which it can deal with its creditors. Whether that debt has been wisely or unwisely created is not a matter on which a financial minister is called upon to decide; his sole duty is to suggest the fittest way in which the Government can meet its obligations. Now, the fifth and marrow of the counsels given by M. Fould to his imperial master is that, of the floating debt of nearly forty millions, twelve millions should be consolidated by means of a loan. M. Fould reminds the Emperor that within the last two years the pursuit of martial glory has cost France two hundred and seventy millions of francs (seven millions sterling), of which sum two hundred and ten millions have been expended in Mexico, and the residue in Cochinchina and the East. The national debt of France is at present £388,000,000, and will, if M. Fould's project is realised, be raised to £400,000,000, or half that of Great Britain. Independently of this, the floating debt, even when reduced, will amount to £27,000,000. These figures are too expressive to be disregarded by the imperial Government. To the Emperor and his advisers they point out the necessity of retrenchment; by the rest of the world they will be accepted as the surest guarantees of peace.

GENERAL GRANT has resumed the offensive at Chattanooga, and a battle, or series of battles, has been fought, in which the advantage seems to have rested with the Federals. Availing himself of the absence of Longstreet's corps, the Federal commander, strengthened by the arrival of General Sherman's division of the army of the Mississippi, resolved to force an engagement, with the view of relieving the communications of Chattanooga, and effecting a diversion in favour of Burnside's army, shut up in Knoxville. Probably his decision was hastened by the knowledge that Bragg was already making arrangements for a retrograde movement. The arrival of General Sherman's force had brought up the Federal strength to 90,000 men, at once giving Grant a numerical superiority, and there seems to be no doubt that Bragg was conscious of his weakness, and had begun his retreat before the attack was made. On the 23rd a portion of General Thomas's command, under General Granger, moved out on the Federal left for the purpose of making a reconnaissance in force of the Confederate position, and securing some elevated ground midway between the lines of the two armies. He failed to draw out the Confederate troops, but succeeded in occupying the hills, the object being to cover a Federal movement to turn Missionary Ridge. On the 24th an attack was made by Hooker's and Sherman's corps on the Confederate position and Look-out Mountain and Missionary Ridge. It would seem that the success of the Federals on the 24th was only partial, and that at nightfall the Confederates still held their ground. On the morning of the 25th the Federal General Hooker occupied Lookout Mountain; and General Sherman, marching from the extreme left, assaulted the north-east of Missionary Ridge. He was repulsed with heavy loss. Reinforced, he pushed up the slopes once more, but was again outflanked and driven back, when he had all but reached the summit, and compelled to retire upon his reserves. At this juncture an overwhelming force was launched by General Grant at the Confederate centre, weakened by the withdrawal of troops to meet Sherman's attack. The centre was pierced and broken; the Federal troops gained the Ridge, and the main body of the Confederates was driven in the direction of General Sherman's division, which in turn attacked it, and drove it down the western slopes of the Ridge. The Federals claim as the result of the two days' engagement a complete victory, and the capture of 5,000 men and forty cannon, with very slight loss amongst their own ranks. But it is obvious that Sherman's two repulses must have cost him dearly; and that the attack of so easily defensible a position as the crest of Missionary Ridge, strengthened by breastworks and redoubts, and held by Southern soldiers, must, if there was any real resistance, have been attended with serious loss.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Manns, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

SARAH ANN PEARSON, aged twenty, domestic servant to Mr. Ramsker, farmer, of Tint, near Retford, Nottingham, was employed, as she had frequently been before, in conveying in a small boat two children over the river Idle. Having reached the opposite bank, she was leaning over the boat's side to give one of them a kiss at parting, when the boat slid away, and she fell headlong into the river, which is rather deep at that spot, and was unfortunately drowned. Her body was found the same evening.

The *New Hampshire Gazette*, claiming to be the oldest newspaper in America, completed its one hundred and seventh year on the 1st of October.

MR. WILLIAM WOODHAM, for many years sergeant in the 15th Regiment of Foot, died in the village of Westoe, near Southfields, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Woodham had seen much service, and was among the oldest soldiers drawing pensions in the north. He was one of those who bore the remains of Robert Burns, the poet, to the grave, on July 16, 1796; Burns, who was a member of the Dumfries Volunteers, being interred with military honours.

The agreement for the erection of the International Exhibition building in the Alexandra-park has been signed by Messrs. Keik and Lucas.

In the York Asylum one lunatic, named White, killed another, named Fate, by striking him on the head with a brush. White has been committed for trial.

It is confidently expected that a Royal Naval College will very shortly be reared on some salubrious portion of the coast of England. The subject has been so frequently and so thoroughly well ventilated that parliament will not be taken by surprise in the forthcoming session if the navy estimates contain a provision for the construction of a suitable building wherein our future Nelsons are to be prepared for their profession.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON, M.P., has given £5,000 towards the erection of ragged schools at Birkenhead.

The new Governor-General of India, Sir John Lawrence, took his departure for India in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Ripon, from Southampton.

The Countess Danner, the morganatic widow of King Frederick VII, is at the Castle of Glücksburg, suffering from erysipelas.

We learn that the Earl of Westmoreland, while on a visit to the Emperor of the French, at Compiègne, was seized with a violent attack of illness from which serious results were feared. The Emperor sent for his own physicians from Paris, and it is now hoped that his lordship's malady will yield to medical treatment.

A LETTER from Alexandria of the 28th ult. says:—A great number of travellers have arrived here lately on their way up the Nile; among others, the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Scarborough, Lady Herbert of Lea, and Earl Spencer.

On the 3rd inst., Thomas Davies, a supernumerary pilot, died at Frog-street, Swansea, having attained the age of 100 years, within twenty-two days. Deceased was born on the 25th of December, 1763. Consequently had he survived until next Christmas Day he would have been 100 years old.

THE MURDER OF A FRENCH OFFICER IN JAPAN.

[From an Extra to the *Japan Herald*.]

Yokohama, Oct. 14. SCARCELY one year has elapsed since we recorded in the barbarous murder of Mr. C. L. Richardson one of the foulest crimes which has ever stained the annals of any country. The inevitable consequences of this crime have not had time to be fulfilled when we are called upon to record another of a similar, or, if possible, yet more foul and dastardly character. This afternoon, about four o'clock, information was received by the various consuls that the body of a foreigner had been discovered at a village named Idonayah, about three miles and a half from this settlement. Mr. Von Brandt, the Prussian consul, with Lieutenant Applin and the Military Train escort, immediately proceeded to the spot indicated, which is on the Takaido, and the French escort was sent to follow Mr. Von Brandt. Mr. Bierkman, of the French legation, proceeded with two Chasseurs by the country road, and overtook Colonel Fisher, United States Consul, and Dr. Jenkins, with some Japanese officers on horseback. They went on towards the same place, Hodongyah, when coming on the turning to Kanawaa, one and a-half miles from this settlement, and about twenty yards beyond the bridge over the canal, they saw lying across the narrow pathway the horribly mutilated body of M. Camus, a sub-lieutenant of the 3rd battalion of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It is difficult to describe the condition of the body of the deceased, some twenty wounds having been inflicted, any one of which would have been sufficient to produce death. The arm (the right arm) was completely severed from the trunk, and with a part of the reins yet in the hand was found nearly ten paces from the body. The villagers profess the most profound ignorance on the subject, but we have heard that they have said that they observed three strangers (two sworded men) in the neighbourhood, and that one of them, an old woman, declares that, hearing cries, she looked out from her house, and saw two men passing quickly by, one of them with his garments covered with blood. The officials, of course, profess to have no clue to the dastardly murderer. M. Camus had gone out in the afternoon, as was his usual practice, for a ride. He was totally unarmed, not having with him even the small pocket-pistol which he sometimes carried.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

The varied incidents continually arising in a village school are so teeming with subjects for the display of an artist's ability, that it is somewhat remarkable we are not furnished with more of them. The engraving on page 408 is from a picture by W. H. Knight, and possesses merit of no mean order. The characters are full of animation, and not devoid of humour. Every characteristic of juvenile propensity at the back of the schoolmaster is hit off in a very happy style. The unfortunate culprit summoned to hold out his hand to receive "a stinger" from the well-femembered cane is particularly truthful. The whimsical terror on his countenance, and the horror he evidently has of a taste of the coming sharp cut, could scarcely be better conceived; while the attitude and look of the schoolmaster cannot fail to be immediately recognised; for who is there that has not in his life been in the predicament of the boy before us, with the stern look of the dominie piercing into his very soul?

PADDY O'REILLY'S RETURN.—Miles O'Reilly, the soldier who was arrested on Morris Island, S.C., for making blackguard poetry, and pardoned by the President in response to a witty, poetical petition, has arrived in New York on a furlough, and met with an enthusiastic reception by his old mates. He has sent a hymn of thanks to the President, beginning—

"Long life to you, Mister Lincoln;
May you die both late and alone;
An' win you lie wid the top of aich toe
Turned up to the roots of a daisy.
May this be your epitaph, nately writ:
'Though traitors abused him v'itely,
He was honest an' kindly, he loved a joke,
An' he pardoned Miles O'Reilly."

—*American Paper*.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.—No. II.

THERE was another rum start happened a couple o' years back, when Squire Martingale hunted the "Raspers," and a good pack they was then, though they are all gone to the bad now. But when Squire Martingale had 'em, they was first-rate, all thorough bred 'uns, with voices like bells. Young Mr. Tom, Squire's eldest son, he was at Oxford College, and arter that he went up to be a lawyer or somethin' in London; leastways he and a lot o' others lived in a large Temple—so I've heard say. He were a nice good-tempered young man, but a regular dare-devil, and he did make the money spin, sure. About two years ago, he come down to spend Christmas with the Squire—the "Gav'nor" he called him—and he brings with him two or three o' the nobs, his friends. They were jolly fellows enough, all but one—a Captain Flasher, who were a Jackanapes, with mustachens, and hair all brushed up, and whiskers which he curled with little tongs; for goin' into his room once in a hurry, I see him usin' 'em. Well, the Squire he were always kind-hearted, and he made all these London nobs as welcome as possible; and arter dinner, on the first day they come, he says, "Gentlemen," says he, "we're rather nuts down here," he says, "upon our huntin' and our dogs; I hope you're all fond o' that glorious English sport." They all says they was; but, above all, Captain Flasher talked loudest; he'd hunted with the Queen, he said, and used to have a place at Melton, &c., &c.; and he talked o' nothin' else till he was helped up to bed, werry shakky and queer.

Next mornin', when his servant went to him at eight o'clock, I found him so bad that he called Mr. Tom, who gave him a warm drench and set him on his legs again. He come down to breakfast dressed wonderful correct, pink lookin' well stained, boots well winched all right. Mr. Tom drove him over in the buggy, the quire ridin' by their side, and at Crompton were the nags. The meet was just outside the town, and there was a field of about a hundred and twenty. We tried five or six covers, but no luck; and the Captain, who'd been curvetting about on Mr. Tom's brown mare, firefly, seemed mighty glad Pug won't in any of 'em.

At last, in Brookdon Wood we found, and went away like good 'uns. I kep' my eye on Captain Flasher; for I knew at once by his style of seat, and the movement of his hands, he'd no notion o' ridin'. Goin' over a long piece of grass ground, he cleared two little furrows and a narrow ditch, and looked round as much as to say, "D'ye see that?" Next time I see him, he was goin' along over a deep fallow at a slappin' pace; then partly through, partly over, a stiff thorn fence; and then he rushed between two ash trees, so close together I thought he'd have knocked both his knee caps off. However, it didn't last long; in about twenty minutes he got his gruel, and this is how it was:—We'd just got through Wort's Plantation, which was all young trees then, when, as I was rein' the opposite bank, and leanin' well forward, for it was mortal heavy soil, I see Mullin's cows being dray' up the lane. The Cap'n was close arter me, and had had a verry tight time among the trees; his face was scratched, and he could scarcely see, when firefly, comin' easily down into the lane, sees Mullin's cows close on to her, and shies at once, floggin' her rider on to his back in the mud. A finer sight I never see than that swell London Cap'n splashed up to his eyes, and sittin' gravely sturin' at Mullin's cows, which was returnin' the compliment. He was took to a farmhouse, and rubbed down and cleaned, but he got so laughed at arter dinner, that he went to London the next day, and I hear that even now he turns pale when he hears the "moo" of a cow.

EXPULSION OF THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT FROM WARSAW.

The *Times* correspondent writing from St. Petersburg gives the following account of his expulsion from Warsaw:—

"I could not feel annoyed at receiving, last Monday, a request from Count de Bérig to leave the Polish capital, and Poland in general, within twenty-four hours. The invitation was conveyed to me in the politest manner by the officer who some weeks before directed proceedings at the clearing out of the Hotel de l'Europe, and who, by the way, on that far more important occasion, also distinguished himself by the considerate manner in which he performed a very disagreeable task.

"Need I say that I accepted the invitation. The only trouble was about getting my passport rise for the journey; and I knew that the commissioner of the hotel had gone out. The colonel, in the most urbane manner, offered to assist me in this difficulty, and kindly took charge of the passport himself, assuring me that I should have it again in proper order either the same evening or the next morning. He also consulted me as to the route I proposed to take, and seemed convinced that Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg would each and all be nicer places for me to sojourn in than Warsaw. I was quite of his way of thinking, and being asked whether I did not wish to go on to St. Petersburg, replied that I did, and thereupon was promised a visa for that city, but on the express condition that I should go straight there, which meant, of course, that I should not stop at Grodno or Wilna.

"On leaving, the colonel expressed his regret at having had to be the bearer of what he believed to be a very disagreeable message, and asked me not to miss the train. I thanked him for his civility and said I would be punctual.

"The next morning, while it was yet dark, I was awake by the rattling of a scabbard on the floor and a voice calling out in French, 'Please to get up. I am sorry to disturb you, but I have particular orders to be at the station by a quarter past seven. I have just been knocked out of bed myself.'

"That is all very well," I answered; 'but it is dark, and I have no matches, and the train does not start until half-past eight.'

"My orders are very precise," persisted my early visitor (who was a young officer of the Imperial Guard engaged temporarily in military pursuits), 'and we are already behind time. It is very painful for me to trouble you in this manner,' he added, 'but it can't be helped, and I must beg that you will throw your clothes on anyhow and come at once. I will put seals on the doors and then all will be right.'

"Why seal up the doors?" I inquired, hoping for a moment that I might be suspected of having papers in my possession calculated to throw a light on the proceedings of what the Russians call 'the subterranean organization,' and the Poles 'the National Government.'

"Only to take care of your things; I will come back here, and have them sent on to you to St. Petersburg."

"But I can't go to St. Petersburg without clothes," I objected.

"And I shall be too late if you stop to pack them up! However," continued the officer, 'if you must take them, let me help you to put them up into the trunk,' and together we stowed away with marvellous rapidity a miscellaneous collection of clothes, tobacco, boots, books, letters, photographs, shirts, and cigars. Of course, when everything was ready, the servants of the hotel made their appearance, and it was pleasing and instructive to observe that the manner and circumstances of my departure did not seem to strike them as in the slightest degree strange.

"You have forgotten your watch," said the officer, as I was going out; 'and here are some more papers. Now, if you have left anything else I must send it after you, for we have not a moment to lose.' I broke my lantern in token of eternal farewell to Warsaw in a state of siege, and walked down stairs.

"A carriage was waiting in the court-yard, and into it stepped not only the officer and myself, but also a man in some kind of uniform, and with a sword, who did not speak French, or indeed, any other language (perhaps because he was not spoken to), and who, I fancy, must have been in the regular police."

POISONING IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE inhabitants of the usually quiet village of Waltham have been thrown into a state of excitement owing to the death, it is alleged, through poison, of Mrs. Emma Hutchins, of the Horse Shoe Inn. The husband, who is suspected, was taken into custody by the police. An inquest was held, at the Horse Shoe Inn, on the body, before Mr. Clarke, coroner.

Sarah Hornbuckle deposed: I was called up on Thursday morning at four o'clock to see Mrs. Hutchins, and found her sitting on a sofa in the top room. She complained of being very bad, and said, "I have taken something which I thought was magnesia, and it tasted like copperas." I said, "What did you take it for?" She replied, "He (meaning her husband) stood over me, and made me take it. Before I did so he told me it was magnesia, and after I had taken it he said it was arsenic." I then sent for Mr. J. H. Morgan, the surgeon. He arrived about five o'clock. With the exception of a few minutes I remained with the deceased until she died. Her death took place about ten o'clock on Thursday morning. She told me that she took the stuff between twelve and half-past. She was quite sensible till about nine o'clock. She complained of cramp; I put her to bed. She had taken warm water, and also mustard and water, to act as an emetic before I saw her. Mr. Morgan gave her some medicine, which purged her but did not make her sick. She complained of being very thirsty. I did not see Mr. Hutchins whilst she was alive.

Jane Carnin, a labourer's wife, gave confirmatory testimony. She declared Mr. Hutchins was in liquor at the time, but that Mrs. Hutchins was sober.

Mary Ann Lovett, a letter-carrier's wife, deposed: I was fetched at eight o'clock on Thursday morning to see Mrs. Hutchins. I went up-stairs to her, and said, "You are very bad; what is the matter? What hurts you?" She put her hand to her throat, and said, "It's all here." I asked if she had been sick, and she said, "Yes, many times." We then heard Mr. Hutchins shouting very much in his own room. She said, "Don't let him come in; you go to him." He was more like a madman than anything. He was out of bed, in his shirt, and wanted to fight. He would have his clothes to dress. We gave him the stockings that were lying by. He said that they were not his. He partly dressed himself, and then said, "What o'clock is it?" I told him a little after eight. He said, "Is it night, or is it morning?" I said "A little after eight in the morning; do get into bed." We assisted him there, and he "settled down," and we left him. I went to Mrs. Hutchins again, saw she was worse, and said, "Shall we telegraph for your son?" She replied, "I wish you would." I left about twenty minutes past nine, and on returning in a quarter of an hour found her insensible. She died a few minutes before ten. When I first went into the house—and before going up-stairs—the deceased son John called me into the bar, saying, "Look here," pointing to some white powder on the shelf, which I scraped together, and gave to Mr. Morgan, the surgeon. Mrs. Hutchins complained of her husband's ill-treatment, and said, "You need not wonder at any one destroying themselves." She was in bed on Monday all day, when she made that remark, and begged that I would not tell her husband where she was. Mr. Hutchins demanded to know where Emma, his wife, was, and on being told that she was ill, and safe in bed, asked "if she would like to see him?" I said, "She would if you are quiet." He stormed very much upon that, but got quiet, and went to her room. On Monday Mrs. Hutchins showed me bruises on her body, which she said her husband had caused. I rubbed them with laudanum. Mr. Hutchins was very fresh on Monday, and had been so for some time. On Wednesday night, between seven and eight o'clock, as I was coming away, the deceased said, "Oh, Mrs. Lovett, you must not leave me to-night; I dare not be with master alone!" I said, "You know what he is if any one offers to stay with you; we shall see how he is by bed-time." Mr. Hutchins had that evening been in the stable and laid under the manger about a quarter of an hour. About 11 o'clock he said to his wife, "Let us go to bed and die, Emma." She said, "I do not want to die to-night." He added, "But I do. I should like to die to-night." She said, "No, you would not, if it came to the point." He was so drunk that he could scarcely stand, and he expressed a wish to die. He has never been so for the last fortnight.

Police constable Pole said: The Rev. G. E. Gillett came to my house about half-past ten on Thursday morning, and told me that Mrs. Hutchins was dead, and requested me to follow him. We found Mr. Hutchins in bed, and asked him if he knew his wife was dead. He answered, "If she is dead, she is poisoned." Mr. Gillett asked him who poisoned her. He made no reply.

Mr. J. H. Morgan, surgeon, detailed the circumstances connected with his visit, which are principally given above. On a post-mortem examination being made, the viscera was found to be strongly congested, and indicative of inflammatory action. Whether it might arise from natural disease or an irritant poison, nothing but an analysis of those organs could determine.

Mr. Barwis, surgeon, of Melton Mowbray, was of opinion that the death was caused by inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and that there were such appearances as would present themselves on the administration of an irritant poison. The stomach, with rectum, and a portion of the small intestines, and a large portion of the liver, were removed by Mr. Morgan for analysis.

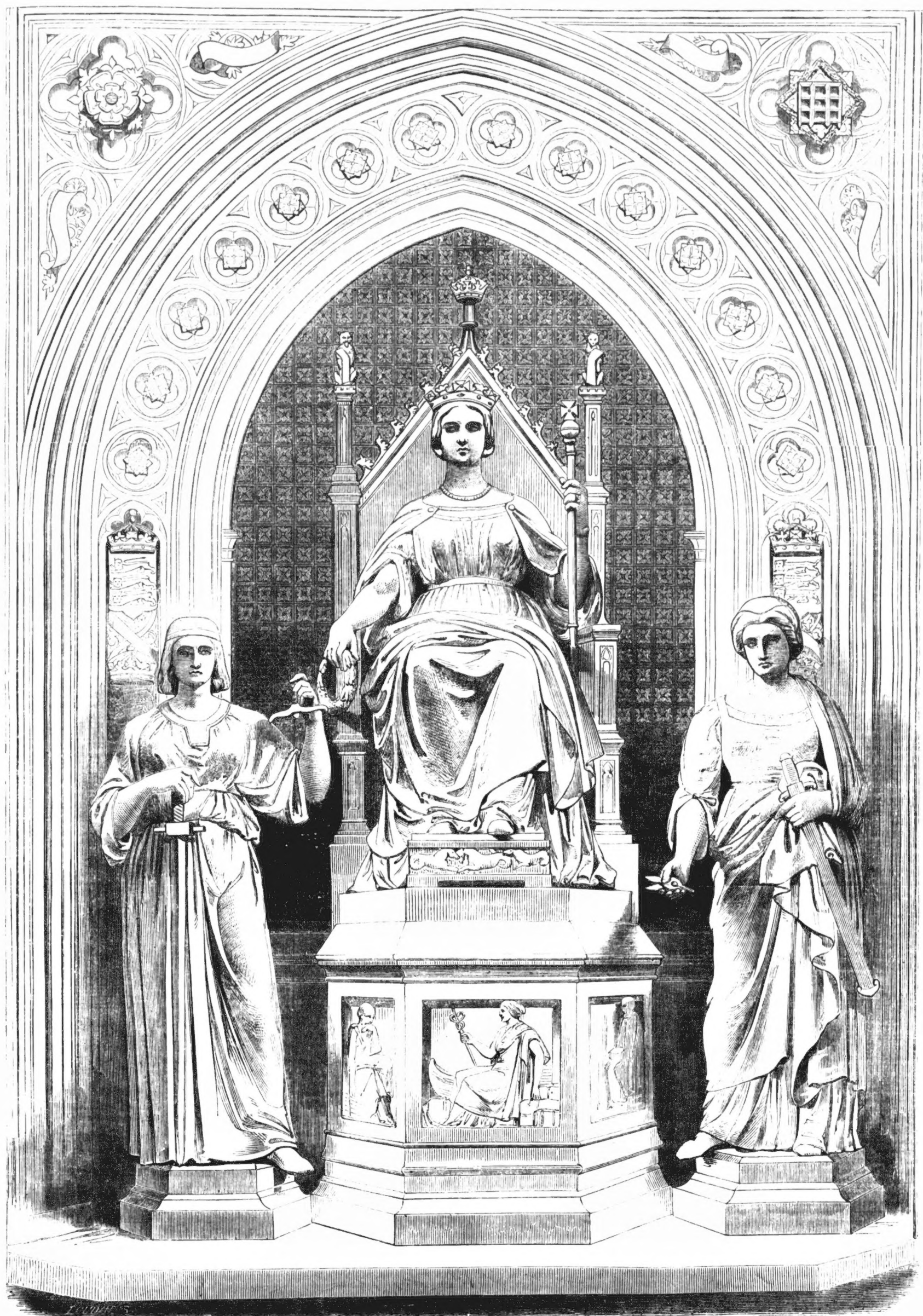
The inquest was adjourned until Tuesday, the 15th instant, in order that an analysis of the contents of the stomach might be made.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE AT SEA.—A boy, twelve years of age, the son of Mr. Hook, a baherman, of Sidmouth, a few days ago launched a small boat with the aid of some companions, and, getting into it, set out to enjoy a short cruise. The breeze freshened, and a rough sea came on, and the young voyager was seen from the shore to be about a mile and a half to leeward of Sidmouth, and fully two miles from land, apparently making for Salcombe cliffs. His position being evidently one of danger, a fisherman, named Bartlett, obtained help and started in pursuit. Having overtaken the little boat, Bartlett hailed the boy; but, receiving no answer pulled alongside, and saw him lying quite unconscious, with his head over the gunwale, a white handkerchief having been blown over his face. Finding it impossible to rouse the boy, Bartlett removed him to his own boat, lowered the sails of the skiff, took her in tow, and rowed homewards. The little fellow neither moved nor spoke, but gave an occasional scream. Arrived at the beach, opposite Marine-place, the boy was lifted out of the boat, still unconscious, and was conveyed to his own home. Medical assistance was speedily obtained, and, by the aid of warm water and brandy, the boy rallied, but appeared to be quite oblivious of the circumstances of his rescue. It is supposed that the boy on his venturesome voyage, finding the wind and the sea to have increased, and that the boat was approaching the heavy surf on the rocky shore, became so frightened that he fell back in a swoon. Had it not been for the accidental arrival of Bartlett and his companions, the boat would have been dashed to pieces and the lad's life sacrificed.—*Western Morning News*.

CONSUMPTION, which is the plague of England, is always brought on by the neglect of little coughs and slight colds. Ball's Lung Restorer cures coughs, colds, asthma, sore throats, hoarseness, bronchitis, and consumption, as the testimony of thousands fully proves. W. Baldwin, Wigton, says, "Two 4s. 6d. bottles cured me when given up by all the doctors in the last stage of consumption." Prepared by T. Hall, Chemist, 6 Commercial-street, City side, Great Eastern Terminus, London, N.E. Sold in bottles, at 1s. 12d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 1s. each, by most chemists. Any not having it in stock can procure it from any of the medicine warehouses.—[*Advertisement*.]



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL. (See page 407.)



QUEEN VICTORIA, SUPPORTED BY JUSTICE AND CLEMENCY, PRINCE'S CHAMBER, HOUSE OF LORDS. (See page 410.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

THE arrangements for the Christmas novelties and pantomimes are being carried on with the utmost energy; and, from what we can gather, they will this year be of unusual brilliancy and attraction. Ghost effects we shall have in every form; while the transformation scenes will be graced by fairy fountains of every hue. We shall content ourselves, this week, with giving the titles of the pantomimes of the various theatres.

COVENT GARDEN.—The subject selected for the pantomime here is "The Seven Champions of Christendom," by Mr. H. J. Byron; the scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. On our front page we give a scene from the opera of "Blanche de Nevers," still performing with much success here. The plot we have given in a previous number.

DRURY LANE.—The attractive title of "Harlequin Sinbad the Sailor, or the Great Race of the Diamond Valley, and the Seven Wonders of the World," will here afford ample scope for those wonderful scenic displays of Mr. W. Beverley. Mr. E. L. Blanchard is the author.

HAYMARKET.—A burlesque, written by Mr. W. Brough, and Mr. Sothorn as Lord Dundreary, will be the great attractions here.

PRINCESS'S.—The titles of half a dozen popular nursery tales are all brought into requisition, under the direction of Mr. T. L. Greenwood.

LYCEUM.—There will be no pantomime here. "Bel Demonio" will doubtless prove sufficient attraction for the holiday folks.

OLYMPIC.—A burlesque from the pen of Tom Taylor, touching upon the principal events of the past year.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Byron has furnished a similar class of novelty by way of burlesque on the year.

STRAND.—Mr. H. J. Byron again furnishes a classical burlesque, "Orpheus and Eurydice."

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. E. T. Smith will here introduce "Great Grim John of Gaunt; or Harlequin Old Friar Bacon and the Enchanted Lance of Robert Goodfellow."

SURREY.—"Old King Cole; or, Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross, and a Frog he would a Wooing go," by Mr. Duttall, will, no doubt, from its strange mixture of title, produce a good pantomime.

MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Cave promises a rare treat with "Jolly King Christmas; or, Harlequin Jack Frost, the Giant, the Beanstalk, and the Little Fays of the Silver Waterfall."

SADLERS WELLS.—Miss Marriott has the assistance of Mr. Cheatham for the production of the pantomime, and Mr. James as the scenic artist.

NEW ROYALTY.—A classical burlesque extravaganza, by Mr. Burnard.

VICTORIA.—Mr. Fenton produces a novelty founded upon the legend of "Gizelle; or, the Night Dancers."

QUEEN'S.—Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" is the subject selected here to form the Christmas novelty, by Mr. Suter.

BRITANNIA.—The pantomime here, in the words of the well-known Mr. Hazlewood, will, we are sure, be quite up to the mark. We may add, that Mr. Lane has produced, in a very spirited manner, the drama of "The Chinese," from the beautiful tale in Bow Bells. The scenic effects and appointments show the utmost attention and liberality on the part of the respected manager.

STANDARD.—Mr. Suter has the important task to furnish the Christmas novelty.

CITY.—As usual, Mr. Nelson Lee is his own author, and will be certain to have something witty and good.

PAVILION.—The good old story of "Whittington and his Cat," under a new guise, by Mr. Marchmont, is the selection here.

EFFINGHAM.—Great preparations have been made for the pantomime at this popular east-end establishment. The services of Mr. Towers, Miss Harriett Coveney, and Herr Deanni have been secured.

GRECIAN.—Mr. H. Spry again supplies the opening for the pantomime here, in which, as usual, Mr. George Conquest will sustain a principal part.

ALHAMBRA.—Feats of horsemanship, with a grand spectacle in the arena, will be produced by the enterprising manager, Mr. Wilde.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Here also we are to have an Imperial Circus, with a grand tournament, which will, no doubt, prove attractive.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.—Mr. Arthur Young gave, for the fifth time, his "Two Hours' Selections from the Works of Shakespeare," on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at the above rooms. The admirable manner in which Mr. Young portrays the principal characters in "Richard the Third," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet," and other works of the great poet, by mere change of voice, is most remarkable, and the attention paid to the varied modulations of tone is a sure guarantee that his audience highly appreciated his talents. What added greater force to the character of his entertainment was the fact of the text being delivered principally from memory. Throughout Mr. Young was much applauded for his efforts.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Galer have appeared this week in a new musical entertainment, which has proved highly attractive. It is smartly, and in some parts, prettily written, while the music is particularly adapted to the fine voice of Mr. Elliot Galer, and the melodious strains of his wife, so well known as Miss Fanny Reeves. Their entertainment affords a highly pleasurable evening's amusement.

COLOSSEUM.—The amusements here for the cattle-show week have been an attraction to our country visitors. Miss Rosina Collins, Mr. Gaston Murray's "Old England," Herr Maju, the prestidigitateur, and others; with Lisbon, and the great earthquake; London by Day, and Paris by Night, with a variety of interesting objects besides, have drawn a large company there.

SAM COLLINS'S MUSIC HALL.—The two concerts given by the Camden Head Committee in aid of the sufferers in the late disastrous accident at Islington, (an illustration of which we gave last week,) proved highly successful. Mr. Sam Collins paid in immediately £25 on account to the fund, which, from the exertion of the gentlemen forming this committee, amounts to nearly one hundred pounds.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL.—Mr. Harry Fox, the well-known chairman at this establishment took his annual benefit on Wednesday last. He was ably assisted by his brother professionals, and the house was crowded to overflowing.

DEATH OF LORD NELSON'S COXSAIN.—Lord Nelson's coxswain on board the Victory, Mr. John Pringle, died at his residence, Newton Bushel, Devon, on Saturday last, having attained the extraordinary age of 163 years on the 19th of May last. The deceased veteran had only been ill a month. He was by birth a Scotchman, having been born in the county of Fife, and on attaining the age of twenty-one he joined the royal navy. Whilst in the service, he took an active part in many of our celebrated naval battles, and amongst others those of the Nile, Trafalgar, and Alexandria. He had a pension, and at the ripe age of ninety-two he married, and his wife survives him.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air (off); 6 to 1 (t); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t and off); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t).

THE DERBY.—9 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off, t 10 to 1); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. W. L. Anson's Blair Athol (t); 20 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forager (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Historian (t freely); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Apennine (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Ackworth (t); 38 to 1 agst Mr. Osborne's Prince Arthur (t).

RUNNING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.—The Prince of Wales's enclosed pedestrian ground at Bow was thronged with spectators on Monday afternoon, who mustered to witness the exciting race for the four mile champion cup and a stake of £50. The competitors were William Lang, of Middlesborough (the holder of the cup), and James Sanderson, of Whitworth. The cup was first given to be contended for by the proprietor of these grounds on the 10th of March last, when Mills proved the winner, defeating seven competitors. Mills, however, being unable to maintain his title, resigned, and Harry Andrews became possessor of the trophy, but was in turn defeated by Lang, whose extraordinary performances completely frightened the London pedestrians, so that there seemed little likelihood of a race, until Sanderson threw down the gauntlet; and the fact that he led the champion at four miles in the race of last Monday week, induced his friends to think that he had a great chance of "fouling over" his opponent at these grounds, which, being the largest in London, were much better adapted to his fine sweeping stride. To complete the four miles the competitors had to traverse the circuit of the course (543 yards) thirteen times, less nineteen yards. The time appointed for the start was three o'clock, and shortly after that hour the men made their appearance on the ground, Lang with his right leg in bandages—he having broken down from excessive training during the last two years. For the last fortnight he had been unable to practise running, and had recourse to Turkish baths. He was advised by his backer to pay forfeit, but he declared his intention of running, saying that he would do his best to maintain the position of the four-mile champion. There was very little betting, 5 and 6 to 1 being freely offered on Sanderson, who was in first-rate fettle. A referee having been appointed, a capital start was effected, Sanderson cutting out the work at a fine pace. The first mile was done in 4 min. 44 seconds, Sanderson leading by ten yards. On entering the second mile, Sanderson put on the high pressure, and soon put a gap of something like thirty yards between himself and the champion, who, seeing that he had no chance with his opponent, resigned the contest. A scene of indescribable confusion now ensued, and some person struck Lang a severe blow on the eye, for which he received a well-merited punishment.

NEW BOOKS.

"The National Magazine." London: W. Tweedie.—The number for December, now before us, is particularly interesting in all its articles. "The White Gauntlet," by Captain Mayne Reid, is continued with spirit; "A New Chapter in the History of the People" will be interesting to those who are alive to the extension of the principle termed Social Science; while, as an illustration to the current number, we have another of those well-drawn "Studies of the Face"—cunning—which is admirably delineated.

"Young England." London: W. Tweedie.—This number closes Volume II of the new series, and its contents are so varied and instructive to young readers, we feel assured they will all be induced to continue on in its support.

"The Mission of Banty, and other Poems." By R. Y. S. Birmingham: W. D. Hall.—Sixteen pages of poetic matter, above the average usually issued in this style by aspiring young poets. Many of the pieces are flowing and pretty, and the versification, on the whole, good. The author possesses poetic talents, which in time may make him sufficiently well known to publish his own name.

"Let's Diary; or, Bills Due Book and Almanack, for 1864."—This well-known annual is again before us, and contains, as usual, all matters of importance relative to the commercial world. No counting-house or establishment is complete without "Let's Diary."

"Let's Rough Diary, or Scribbling Journal."—A useful companion to the former, for hurried notes, prior to correct entry.

"Let's Sixpenny Diary and Almanack."—Small, neat, and useful. Should be in every one's waistcoat pocket.

NEW MUSIC.

"Joe Fillet; or, Beef, Pork, Mutton." New Comic Song, by Watkin Williams.—It is so seldom we have an opportunity of noticing a comic song now-a-days possessing any real merit, that we direct our attention to this one with pleasure. It is not only exceedingly witty, abounding in good puns, but it is also highly humorous, and will cause many a roar of laughter in the merry parties that will soon be here. As a comic song writer, to suit the present age, Watkin Williams has few rivals. His songs possess the rare merit of not being vulgar, and the majority of them may be sung even in the drawing-room without offending the ears of the most fastidious. We wish we could say the same of the bulk of the so-called comic songs. The above song reminds us of many of the witty effusions of the late Tom Hood. That it will become a standard comic song there is no doubt.

GIBSON'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

AMONG the works of art in the new palace at Westminster, one of the most important is the beautiful group represented on page 409. This group, the work of Mr. Gibson (the pupil of Canova and Thorwaldsen), is placed in that part of the new House of Lords known as the "Prince's Chamber," and represents the Queen seated on a throne, holding a sceptre in one hand and a laurel crown in the other, as indicative of her power to rule and reward. On the right of her Majesty appears the figure of Justice, holding the sword and balance, and with the image of Truth suspended from her neck. On the left hand stands Clemency, with her sword sheathed, and holding an olive branch in token of peace.

In front of the pedestal is a bas-relief of Commerce. On the right side, Science is designated by a youth pondering over geometry. On the left is a figure to represent the useful arts; and in the background appear the steam-engine, telegraph wires, and other objects which remind us of the progress of the age.

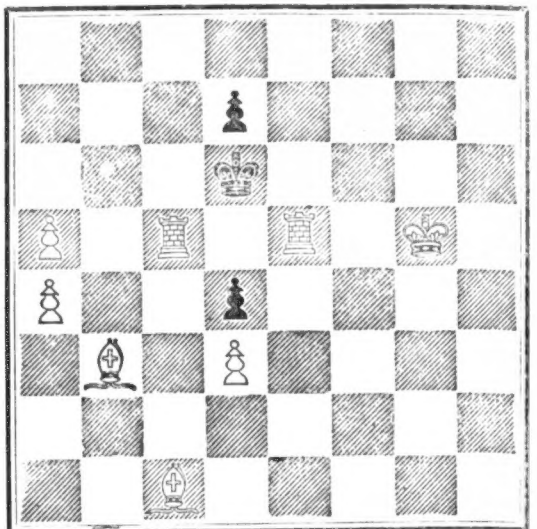
The back of the throne is surmounted by the figures of lions, intended to typify the courage and strength which Englishmen are wont to display; and the footstool is ornamented with sea-horses, to remind beholders of our dominion over the sea.

The background of the arch under which the group is placed is richly gilded and variegated with draped work, and the appearance of the statue of Victoria is in every respect imposing.

A UNIVERSAL GENIUS.—"M. Alexandre Dumas," says a Paris letter, "is at present engaged in writing an account of a shooting tour which he once took in Africa with one 'Sir Williams,' and actually rivals Gordon Cumming, of destructive memory, in his success with the rifle."

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 143.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

Game between Messrs. Harrison and Wyer.

- | White.
Mr. H. | Black.
Mr. W. |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. B to B 4 | 4. P to Kt 5 |
| 5. Kt to K 5 (a) | 5. Q checks |
| 6. K to B | 6. P to K 6 (b) |
| 7. P takes P | 7. Q to R 6 (ch) |
| 8. K to Kt | 8. Kt to R 3 |
| 9. B to B (c) | 9. Q to R 5 |
| 10. P to Q 4 | 10. P to Q 3 |
| 11. B takes Kt | 11. B takes B |
| 12. Kt takes Kt P | 12. B takes Kt |
| 13. P takes Kt | 13. B checks |
| 14. K to Kt 2 | 14. Q to B 7 (ch) |
| 15. K to R 3 | 15. P to K R 4 |
| 16. P takes P (d) | 16. Kt to Q 2 |
| 17. Q to K 2 | 17. Q to B 5 |
| 18. B to Kt 2 | 18. Kt to B 3 |
| 19. B to B 3 (e) | 19. Q to Kt 4 |
| 20. Q to Kt 2 (f) | 20. Kt takes K P (g) |
| 21. Q takes Q | 21. Kt takes Q (ch) |
| 22. K to Kt 4 | 22. K takes B |
| 23. K takes B | 23. B takes P |
| 24. P to B 3 | 24. B to K 4 |
| 25. Kt to Q 2 | 25. P takes P |
| 26. Kt to B 4 | 26. Castles |
| 27. Kt takes B | 27. P takes Kt |
| 28. K to Kt 4 | 28. K R to K R square |
| 29. Q R to K Kt (h) | 29. R takes K K P |
| 30. K to B 5 | 30. R takes R |
| 31. R takes R | 31. R to K |
| 32. K to B 6 | 32. P to K 5 |
| 33. K takes P | 33. R to Q |
| 34. R to K | 34. R to Q 7 |
| 35. R takes P | 35. R takes P |
| 36. P to R 4 | 36. P to Kt 3 |
| 37. K to K 7 | 37. R to Kt 6 |
| 38. R to B 4 | 38. P to Kt 4 |
| 39. P takes P | 39. R takes P |

And after a few more moves, White resigned.

(a) A chivalrous line of play, which we should be glad to see oftener tested over the board, as it leads to some very interesting situations.

(b) This move constitutes the so-called "Cochrane Gambit." We prefer, however, 6. K Kt to R 3, previous to advancing the K B P, as recommended by Salvio.

(c) He should rather have played Q to K B square.

(d) Obviously his only resource.

(e) Had he played the obvious move of R to K B square, Black could have won at once by Kt takes K R P, &c.

(f) White's position is not enviable; but the move made ought to have rendered it altogether untenable. It is difficult, however, to suggest a good move for him. Perhaps his best chance of escaping from his difficulties would have been 20. Q Kt to B 3, with the object of checking with Queen at Q Kt 5. To this, however, Black could reply with P to Q B 3, afterwards capturing K R P with Knight, having a winning position.

(g) A strange oversight. He might have mated his opponent in three moves, by 20. R takes P (ch), &c.

(h) A grave error, losing a valuable Pawn for nothing.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 137.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Q to K Kt square (ch) | 1. K moves |
| 2. Q to Q R square | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. K to Q B square | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 138.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 1. Q to Q Kt 5 | 1. K takes Q |
| 2. R to K R 6 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Kt to B 7 (mate) | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 139.

The keymove is R to Q B square, and mate follows easily in two more moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 140.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 1. Kt to Q B 3 | 1. K moves |
| 2. Kt to Kt 5 | 2. B moves |
| 3. Kt takes P (mate) | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 141.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. K to Q Kt 4 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Q or Kt mates | |

An examination of the numerous variations in Black's defence will well repay the student.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS

MANSION HOUSE.

CHARGE OF FORGERY.—William Eason, a well-dressed young man, described as a traveller, and who had been arrested by Pacman, a detective officer, in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, on a warrant on a charge of fraud. Mr. Thomas Butt, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Armstrong and Co., of 21, Old Broad-street, merchants, was the complainant. He said: The prisoner's father is known to our firm, and does business with our Dundee house. On the first of this month the prisoner called at our counting house and showed me a letter. I had known him before. He told me he was the son of Robert Eason, of Dundee. He appeared to be in deep grief, and when I asked him what was the matter he gave me a letter, stating he had received it from his brother. It was as follows:—

"My dear Brother,—I have your letter of the 24th inst., and in reply I enclose you check for £10 to pay your lodgings and fare home, which do immediately, as I am sorry to say your poor dear father is, I fear, near death's door. Mrs. Lyle and Miss Lyle both hold out little hopes of his recovery, and desire me to say that if you hope ever to see your father alive again in this world to make no delay. You had better, therefore, leave by the nine o'clock train on Tuesday evening. I have also to say that he is quite sensible, and expresses his happy state of mind in the prospect of death. Mr. McDougall and Mr. Lang, ministers, along with Uncle David, of Campdown, visited him to-day, and to them he said that were it not for his family he could quit the world without a sigh, but he would leave them in the hands of God, knowing that He had sown the seed to the beat of his shirt; and under the charge of a godly minister. He was therefore resigned. I expect you on Wednesday morning, but you had better telegraph to me, stating when I may expect you. With kind love from all near and dear at home, I am, your affectionate and loving brother.

"JOHN EASON."

On reading the letter I said I was very sorry for him, and asked what I could do for him. He replied that his brother had omitted to enclose the check, doubtless in the excitement of the moment, and that it would be a great favour if I would advance him the £10, so that he might start for Dundee that evening. It was then between four and five in the afternoon. I asked him how I could know that all he had said was correct. He affirmed it with such a serious air that I believed him. He referred to a young man in an office in the City who knew him, and I sent a clerk with him there. My clerk returned with him, and stated that a gentlemanly-looking young man there had said he knew the prisoner was a son of Robert Eason, our correspondent in Dundee, upon which I said I would advance him the money. He replied that he was very much obliged, and that he would pay over the sum next morning at our Dundee house. I wrote a check for £10, and it being then past bank hours one of our clerks paid him the £10 in gold. The prisoner then wrote the receipt produced, which, with the letter he had given me, I sent to our Dundee firm. From then I received a telegram, in consequence of which I applied to the Lord Mayor for and obtained a warrant against the prisoner. After he was arrested I went, at his request, to see him, taking the letter with me. He asked me to forgive him, upon which I said, "Then, you admit I have something to forgive." I also asked him if he meant to bring greater relief upon his aged father and his brother by requiring them to come to London and prove the letter to be a forgery. He replied, "Oh no; I admit the letter is a forgery and I wish to plead guilty." I may say that we did not enter into this matter at all from any vindictive feeling. His father is a very respectable man and is much distressed by his conduct. His friends do not believe that a short term of imprisonment would be of great benefit to him, and if the court can deal summarily with the case we have no desire to carry it further. Mr. Goodman explained that the offence charged was not one within the category of those with which the court was empowered to deal summarily. The prisoner, on being cautioned, declined to make any defence. The Lord Mayor committed him to Newgate for trial.

WESTMINSTER.

A DRUNKEN PAIR.—William Richards and Sarah King, two middle-aged persons, were charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance at the Victoria Railway Station, Piccadilly. James Farish, a police-constable, employed at the station, said the defendants were there on Saturday evening, one intending to go to the Crystal Palace and the other to Balham-hill, and the other to Siratnam. As they were so drunk as to be unfit to go with safety they were required to leave the station where they were creating some confusion, and as they refused witness was compelled to remove them. When opposite the hotel they created a great disturbance, and a number of persons assembled. As it was found impossible to get them away they were taken to the station and locked up. Female defendant: The only disturbance I made was that I screamed when the policeman laid hold of me and said to me. Mr. Selfe: You were drunk, ma'am, they say. Female defendant: I was not drunk; I had only taken two or three glasses of rum and water, and I am sure that that could not hurt me. Mr. Selfe: I cannot estimate the quantity of rum and water you may take without being drunk, but I should think that, under ordinary circumstances, two or three glasses of rum and water would go well towards it. Female defendant: This man told me that I had better go by the 9 10 train, and I certainly told him it was like his impudence, and I should go when I liked. I met this man, and he carried my parcel as he was going to Balham, and I was going to Streatham. Male defendant: I am under a physician, and a very little liquor takes effect on me. Female defendant: I am very much bruised and marked by the way they used me. Shall I show your worship my arms and—Mr. Selfe: O dear me, no, thank you. Have they been locked up since? Policeman: Male defendant all the time; the female all mid-day yesterday. Mr. Selfe discharged them.

ROBBERY THROUGH DISTRESS.—Isabella Richards, a wretched looking woman, was charged with stealing nine ornamental pieces from the shop of Mr. Thomas Price, linendraper, Bloomsbury-terrace, Piccadilly. The ornamentals were exposed at the door on Saturday night, when prisoner was seen to take them, and, being pursued, was found with them upon her. The prisoner said that she had committed the felony through want. Her husband had deserted her, and she was left with a child and a paralysed father dependent upon her for subsistence. She had applied to the parish authorities, who had refused to relieve her. The policeman having proved that prisoner's statement respecting her distress was unfeigned, and prosecutor having expressed a wish, under the distressing circumstances of the case, to withdraw the charge, Mr. Selfe commented upon the impropriety of shopkeepers tempting persons in distress to commit robberies by exposing their goods in this way, and discharged the prisoner, at the same time giving her a letter to the relieving officer of the parish.

CLERKENWELL.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON A MOTHER AND INFANT.—James Edmonds, described as a customer-monger, residing in Gordoc-lane, a low, desperate-looking fellow, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with committing a most murderous assault on his wife and child. She appeared a respectable, hard-working woman, and in addition to a bruise on her face had a very black eye. She deposed that she had lived with the prisoner for some years, and that she had now three children alive, the youngest being an infant in arms. She did not wish to prosecute, or to say anything about the matter if the prisoner would promise never to assault her any more. Mr. D'Eyncourt: You have sworn to speak the truth, and must tell us what happened. The complainant said, after some hesitation that the prisoner came home the worse for liquor, and began abusing her. She had the infant in her arms, and he struck her, he struck her, he struck the infant, and it had been ill ever since. She had been informed that it would in all probability die from the effects of the injury it had received. Not content with this violence the prisoner was about to strike her again, when she stopped, and he kicked her so severely that she fell, and was almost "kicked" up. Mr. D'Eyncourt: In what part of your body did he kick you? The complainant replied that it would be indecent for her to mention, but on being pressed said in the lower part of her stomach. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Has the prisoner ever assaulted you before? The complainant replied in the affirmative, and said it was of frequent occurrence, but she had never before given him into custody, on account of the children. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Does the prisoner support you and the children? The complainant: I have to work as well as him. The worst of it is he gets drunk. I do not care about myself, but I wish he had not assaulted and injured my babe. Let him go this time. The prisoner in a dogged tone said: This all arises through not minding what I said to you. If you had not have followed me this would not have happened. The police-constable stated that he knew both parties, and the woman, who was very steady and hard-working, was frequently being assaulted by the prisoner, but he had not before been charged. The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said he could not deny assaulting the woman, for she was not his wife. She annoyed him and he gave her a "dab" or so to keep her quiet. He was sorry that he had, but the child he did not intend to kill. Mr. D'Eyncourt characterized the conduct of the prisoner as most violent and cowardly in the extreme. He was sorry to see violent assaults on women were occurring more frequently in this district, and he should do

all in his power to check it. He regretted that punishing the man to a certain degree punished the woman and children, as he was their support, but that could not be helped. The sentence of the court was, that the prisoner be kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for three calendar months. The prisoner: I can jump and sleep that lot away.

PICKING POCKETS AT THE CATTLE SHOW.—Ann Egan was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with stealing a purse containing 17s. 6d. from the person of Mrs. Eusemah Cooper, of Gerard-street, at the outside of the Smithfield Cattle Show, Islington. A witness deposed that he saw the prisoner look at the complainant's pocket, and then follow her. The prisoner went by the side of Mrs. Cooper, and ran down Church-passade, having the purse in her hand. He stopped, and tried to take the purse from her, but he could not, and she threw it into the churchyard. He ran over and picked up the purse with the money. The constable who took the prisoner into custody said she had been convicted of felony before, and had not been long out of prison. Mr. D'Eyncourt committed her for trial, but she will be brought up again for the production of the former conviction.

MARBOROUGH-STREET.

FATAL DOMESTIC QUARREL.—Elizabeth Waterfield, of Union-street, Middlesex Hospital, was charged before Mr. Knox, by Inspector Garforth, with causing the death of her husband, Alfred Thomas Waterfield, a tailor and clothes dealer, by striking him on the head with some instrument. Mr. Thomas Beard, of Basilgate-street, attended for the prisoner. Mrs. Waterfield, of Poland-street, said that on Monday, November 23, she went to Mrs. Waterfield to return a book. Mr. and Mrs. Waterfield had a few words about the book or books, and Mr. Waterfield struck Mrs. Waterfield on the head, and blows were then exchanged, and Mrs. Waterfield ran into the shop and held the door to prevent her husband following her. The door came open, and Mr. Waterfield went into the shop, and she (witness) then ran into the street. Mr. Knox asked if the witness saw any instrument in the hands of either, and the witness said that she did not. A minute afterwards she saw Mr. Waterfield come out bleeding, and the constable took him to the hospital, but she saw no more of Mrs. Waterfield and knew no more of the matter. In answer to Mr. Beard, the witness said that Mr. Waterfield was not sober. The door flew back suddenly. Mr. James Kettle, of Union-street said he was passing the shop on the night in question. Heard words taking place and went in and saw one on each side the counter. Mr. Waterfield was in the act of going out when Mrs. Waterfield returned and struck Mr. Waterfield with some instrument, and witness saw him bleeding. He then went into the parlour and sat down, and the police then came, and he was taken to the hospital. In answer to Mr. Beard, the witness said that Mr. Waterfield appeared to be pursuing his wife when she struck him. He had never said it was done with a yard measure neither did he believe it was done with the iron bar produced. He knew that the prisoner had been subjected to much brutality from her husband, who was frequently drunk. Police-constable Thomas Byles, 65 E, said that while passing the house on the night of the 23rd he heard a disturbance, and saw Mrs. Waterfield come out of the shop and lean for a minute or two on something. She then entered the house again, and directly afterwards he saw Mrs. Waterfield strike her husband with what he believed to be a piece of iron. Mr. Waterfield at the time coming out of the parlour into the shop, in which there was a gaslight. He could hear the blow distinctly, and about a minute afterwards Mr. Waterfield came to the door bleeding, and calling "Police." On going across Mr. Waterfield told him to take her into custody. He went into the parlour to see what sort of wound Mr. Waterfield had received, and on coming out the prisoner was gone. He then took Mr. Waterfield to the hospital, and after the surgeon had dressed the wound took him home again. On taking Mr. Waterfield through, saw a piece of iron lying there, but could not say it was the instrument the blow was given with. Mr. Pyke, house-surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital, having given evidence, a nurse from the hospital deposed that Mr. Waterfield telling her that it was accidentally done through the giving way of the door; but Inspector Garforth, who took the prisoner into custody, said that she told him that she did it with a yard-measure, and in self-defence. The prisoner was committed for trial.

MARYLEBONE.

THE DISTURBED MATHEMATICIAN.—Salvatori Cristofori, a young organ grinder, was cited to appear before Mr. Mansfield to answer a couple of summonses for offences alleged to have been committed by him on the 19th and 26th ult.—"for that he did refuse to depart from the neighbourhood of a certain house belonging to Mr. Babbage, No. 1, Dorset-street, Manchester-square, after being requested to do so by a certain instrument." After the facts of the case had been stated, Mr. Babbage said for nearly twelve months he had not brought any one before the court, but he must say that during that time he had been most grievously inconvenienced. To state within the truth he had been disturbed no less than 100 times whilst at his work, and had gone from his house to order the man away. The people in the neighbourhood encouraged the men in their ways. He could not, he said, go along the streets now without being insulted by persons living in the neighbourhood. He was called after when he went about. It had become a regular nuisance to him. The evidence being interpreted to the defendant, Mr. Mansfield said: It does seem to me that this gentleman is subjected to a very great persecution. It is to be hoped that such a course of persecution as he endures as a scientific man is not mentioned in any foreign newspaper; for if so, it would be degrading to the population of this country. These men are set on to annoy and tease by a set of ill-conditioned people. As for the insults that this gentleman is subjected to in the streets, it seems impossible that people can be found so boorish and so brutal as to carry on such practices. Mr. Babbage is engaged on works that a class of people like these have no conception of. When I heard the evidence first I had my doubts whether the defendant could be deemed culpable. From the evidence given it appears that he (the defendant) really acted maliciously, and therefore I shall show him no indulgence. I shall order him to pay a penalty of 20s. and costs upon each summons. Before the van came, the money, 41s. was paid.

SINGULAR CHARGE OF PICKING A POCKET.—James Lacy, engraver, was charged before Mr. Mansfield with being concerned with another man in custody in stealing from the dress-pocket of a lady, in a second-class carriage on the Metropolitan Railway, a purse containing 23 10s. 8d. Mrs. Mary Hannah Francis said: About one o'clock to-day, I left the Paddington Station of the railway to go on to the City, and on arriving at the Chapel-street or Edgware-road Station I missed my purse, just as the prisoner and another man got out of the carriage. I saw my purse in the hand of the man not in custody, and called out. The man then gave it to the prisoner, who ran up the steps. I pursued, calling "Stop thief," and saw him put my purse in the pocket of a gentleman who happened to be coming down to the train. The prisoner was afterwards captured. The purse was found. I received it from the gentleman, who is not in attendance. Police-constable Thompson, 111 D, said that the gentleman, who was a magistrate, had given him his card. The address was Mr. Stanley Percival, of Bridgefort House, Barnet. Prosecutor: He was not aware that my purse was in his pocket till I took it out. Mr. Mansfield: Do you mean to say that you took the purse from the pocket of the gentleman? Prosecutor: Yes, sir. I saw the prisoner place it in the pocket and I put my hand in, and in pulling my own out I pulled out the gentleman's as well, and he was quite satisfied at my doings and explanation. The other man escaped. Mr. Mansfield reminded the prisoner, and complimented the prosecutor upon what she had done, as well as congratulating her upon the recovery of the money.

WORSHP STREET.

A SCOUNDREL JUSTLY PUNISHED.—John Coleman, a respectfully-dressed young man, said to be employed in Braback-court, Philip-lane, Fenchurch-street, and living in Charlotte-row, Christchurch, Bishopgate, appeared before Mr. Cooke to answer a summons for assaulting Ellen Coleman, his wife. The complainant, a tall and pretty-looking person, but who was clearly suffering from mental distress, gave a lengthened statement of systematic ill-treatment by her husband, the leading features of which were these:—From the date of nine days after their marriage he had almost incessantly committed acts of violence upon her. She had taken out from eight to ten summonses against him, but, as usual, forbore carrying them into effect, at his earnest entreaty and promise of amendment. There was one exception to this, however, namely, on an occasion when he would not let her in the street, for which cruelty Mr. Selfe, the magistrate, sentenced him to an imprisonment of one month; but the decision was set aside, upon an agreement that he should allow his wife 5s. per week. Subsequently, something like a reconciliation took place, and then followed worse conduct on his part than previously. He had put burning wood up her dress; forced a lighted candle against her nostrils, causing thereby a severe burn, as seen by the magistrate when the summons was granted; placed his razors beneath the bed, and swore he would murder her before morning; that it should be another "cab" affair; commanded her to seek her living by prostitution, and beat her until her body was covered with bruises. Since the process in question had been served, she had not received a penny from him, and had subsisted upon the charity of neighbours when unable to reach her own mother's. Defendant drew out most of these facts in cross-examination of the wretched young woman, and two respectable married women indignantly spoke to being disturbed in the dead of the night by her biteries cries and screams; to having supplied her with nourishment while her tyrant was intoxicated, and on one occasion finding her baby about eighteen months old, stiff in her arms with the inflexibility of weather. Mr. Cooke observed that this was clearly a case for the full

powers of the Aggravated Assaults Act to be carried out, and sent the fellow for six months' hard labour to the House of Correction.

THAMES.

LONDON DEFT.—Mr. W. W. Klug, solicitor to the East London Association for the Abatement of Outrages, Vice, and Immorality in the District, who was accompanied by Mr. Field, the agent and prosecuting officer of the society and numerous gentlemen connected with the district, came before Mr. Woolrych, and said he was instructed to apply for warrants against three infamous houses in Cock and Neptune-court, West-close-square, St. George-in-the-East. He need scarcely tell the magistrate that the houses in Cock and Neptune-court were a great nuisance and annoyance. Outrages and robberies had been frequent there; sailors were plundered and ill-used, savage assaults had been repeatedly committed on the police-constables whose duty unfortunately called them to the place, and no officer would now venture there alone. Application had been made to the parochial authorities to interfere and put down the evil. The answer was that such houses as those in Cock and Neptune-court must exist somewhere, and they might as well be there as any other place. Nor were the dens in Cock and Neptune-court like the usual haunts, where comparative decency was observed. The court was closed to the sailor's home, in West-street, to which an addition was about to be made, and the directors of the Home joined with the East London Association in the desire to abate a monstrous evil, for a great number of seamen located at the Home had been dragged into Cock and Neptune-court by prostitutes and their allies, and not only robbed of money and clothes, but likewise ill-used. After some further remarks, the warrants were granted.

FATAL FUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER.—Thomas Symes, a lighterman, employed at Messrs. Lock's Lead Works, at Hareleydown, was charged with manslaughter. Mr. Stoddart, solicitor, defended the prisoner. It appeared that the deceased, George Carter, a labourer, and another man named Macdonald, were employed in loading a barge called the Fanny, off Horse Wharf, Wapping, on Saturday night. The prisoner received orders from his master to navigate the barge to the East India Dock, and went on board for the purpose of taking charge of it, and a quarrel took place between him and the deceased. From words they came to blows, and fought. They closed, and in the scuffle which took place both men went overboard. A man named Lygon immediately lowered the barge's hither, and the prisoner grasped it and was saved. Carter was carried away by the tide, and drowned. His body was not recovered. The defence set up by Mr. Stoddart was that great provocation was given by the deceased. Mr. Woolrych remanded the prisoner.

SOUTHWARK.

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS ON THE BENEVOLENT BY A SHAM CLERGYMAN.—Richard Hutton, alias Jones, alias the Rev. William Hall, alias the Rev. W. Way, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, for dual examination, charged with endeavouring to obtain money from charitable individuals all over the country, by advertising in the *Record* and other clerical newspapers false appeals to the benevolent. The prisoner's career was stopped through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Lingham, the rector of Lambeth, who received a communication from the rector of Tunbridge Wells, enclosing letters addressed to various charitable individuals residing there, from the Rev. William Hall, 27, Stamford-street, which is a coffee-house, appealing to them for assistance on behalf of two gentlewomen, a widow and daughter of a once affluent county magistrate. These letters had printed copies of the advertisement on the top, and appeared to be genuine appeals. Houghton, 116 L, aided by Mr. Horsford, the chief officer of the Mendicity Society, watched the coffee-house and detected the prisoner in the act of receiving letters addressed to the Rev. William Hall. He told the officer that he was employed by that person to receive those letters and forward them to the post-office, Brighton. On the officers taking him into custody they found documents on him which clearly showed that all those appeals were in his handwriting, and that he was the only representative of the Rev. William Hall. He was accordingly remanded to give the officers an opportunity of making further inquiries. On the prisoner being placed in the dock Mr. Burcham asked whether there was any further evidence against him. Houghton replied that since the last examination he had been to the prisoner's lodgings 15, Hatfield-street, where he was known as Mr. Jones. He there found two letters—one from Clifton, in which a lady had enclosed 30s.; and the other letter was from a lady at Tunbridge, enclosing a post-office order. Witness however could not find the envelopes to these letters. He also found copies of the Clifton and Tunbridge Wells newspapers, which contained directions, showing the abodes of the most influential inhabitants, and most of the names had been ticked off, as having been communicated with. He found a bundle of cuttings from the edges of sheets of postage stamps, and a copy of the *English Churchman* newspaper, in which the prisoner had inserted an appeal to the benevolent, in the name of the Rev. W. Way, 64, Stamford-street, which was a stationer's shop. Witness had ascertained that for some time past the prisoner had been in the habit of calling for and receiving letters at that place. Since the last examination witness had received four letters from 29, Stamford-street, addressed to the Rev. W. Hall, which he handed up to his worship. Mr. Burcham asked if any inquiries had been made at Brighton? Horsford said that since the last examination he had communicated with the post-office authorities and the police at Brighton, and had ascertained that no letters had been received there for the Rev. William Hall. Witness also produced two letters addressed to ladies residing at Clifton, similar to those produced by the constable. They were forwarded to the Mendicity Society for inquiry. Mr. Burcham asked if the prisoner was known to the society. Horsford replied that he had been for a long time suspected, but he had no other knowledge of him. Mr. Burcham asked the prisoner what he had to say to the charge of endeavouring to gather alms under false and fraudulent pretences. He replied that he had nothing to say. Mr. Burcham told him that he regretted that he was not able to punish him with that severity he so richly deserved. He should, however, convict him, and order the conviction to be returned to the sessions. When the judge would have the power to sentence him to twelve months' hard labour as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. He accordingly sentenced him to three months' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction. His worship then opened the five letters left at the coffee-house in Stamford-street since the last examination. Two of them, he said, were from ladies at Tunbridge Wells and Clifton. Both these ladies had received appeals from the Rev. W. Hall, 29, Stamford-street, and they very properly refused to forward any subscription until they were informed of the names and addresses of the two unfortunate gentlewomen. They also required some further account of the Rev. William Hall, by a reference to the clergyman who introduced the case to his notice. The other letters merely contained seven postage stamps, also asking for a more explicit account of the unfortunate gentlewomen. He should direct the chief clerk to communicate with the writers thereof by return of post, and he had no doubt that the publicity given to the case would put a stop to any more letters being sent. He (Mr. Burcham) considered that the public were much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Lingham for calling the attention of the officers to the prisoner, who would otherwise have gone on swindling the charitable public to a serious extent. The prisoner was then removed.

HAMMERSMITH.

A GENTLE THIEF.—A well-dressed woman, who gave the name of Mary Obar, was brought before Mr. Dayman, on remand, charged with obtaining a muff, a pair of gloves, and a necktie from the shop of Messrs. Hild, linendrapers, of Dorcas-terrace, Hammersmith-gate, by false representations. Mr. L. Lewis now defended the prisoner, who was led into court by the gaoler apparently in great suffering, and a chair was provided for her in the dock. It appeared from the evidence that the other afternoon, the 25th ult., the prisoner entered the prosecutor's shop and selected goods to the value of 25s. 10s., which she ordered sent to Mr. & Mrs. McDonald, at Bute House, Brockway-green. She did not pay for them. She, however, wished to take the muff, the gloves and the necktie. While the shopman went into the counting-house to ask Mr. Hild whether he should allow her to take away the articles, she put on the gloves and necktie and walked out of the shop with her hands in the muff. Mr. Edwin Hild followed the prisoner as far as Jackson's building, in Kensington, where she spoke to an Irish woman, and they were about proceeding down the buildings when he stopped her. She then wanted to pay for the three articles, which were valued at 23s., but the prosecutor declined the offer, and gave her in charge. On being searched at the station-house six pawnbroker's duplicates were found upon her, and only 5s. in money. It transpired that Bute House was the residence of Mr. W. Bird, one of the county magistrates, and that Major McDonald was not known there. The constable in the case had ascertained that the prisoner had been lodging at No. 13, College-street, Chelsea, for six weeks, in the name of Charles. Mr. Lewis asked the magistrate to deal with the case as one of unlawful possession. He admitted that the prisoner's name was not Charles, and said she was a lady of education and of the highest respectability. She had recently lost her husband, and when she committed the offence with which she was charged she was in great distress. He also said that she had been made the dupe of a woman who was allowed to escape. He had authority to state that her friends would provide for her future welfare. Mr. Dayman said that, whatever her antecedents might be, he had no doubt that she had formed an acquaintance with bad companions. He could not deal with the case in any other way than he would with a poor person. Education made the offence greater. He then committed the prisoner to the House of Correction with hard labour for three calendar months.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER X^{II}.

IN INDIA ONCE MORE.

At last after many days of waiting—after many have been struck down with sunstroke—after there have been funerals in the pleasant island, and the roll of the muffled drum has been heard so often that it has ceased to create any great agony, —after days, and even weeks, comes the liberating ship, and then they once more make way for India.

Highland Jessie has been very active all this time, nursing for half-a-dozen, and lecturing in the true plain Scotch fashion for twice that number; and so it turns out, before Jessie reaches India, she had learnt much of soldier life, and seen a good deal of its best side, which is a comfort as far as she is concerned, because, in common with the rest of the world, she has chiefly heard of the worst side of the soldier's life.

The steaming begins again—common, everyday boat-life begins again—and of our company, once more the band (minus its chief cornet, who, poor fellow, was one of the first who had the muffled drums beat over him) play quadrilles on the quarter-deck. The ship's cargo have divided once more; the aft passengers are once more mimicking the fore; and, indeed, the outward life amongst these hundreds of people is precisely what it was before the wreck. But the inner life is changed for ever. We cannot pass through troubles which bring out the better part of humanity without being bettered by the affliction we have gone through.

All that freight of living human beings may have thought things had gone back into their old train when the second vessel was speeding them on to India; some may have doubted, at odd half-moments, whether there had been a wreck at all; but in the depths of each heart lay the remembrance of the mutual trouble they had passed through,

lightened by their mutual help. And this statement is proved by the fact that when they left this sheltering island they were sorry to leave it, and when at last they separated at the Indian port to which they were destined, they broke up with an earnest something which was very different from the ordinary half-cheerful, half-business-like dispersion which ends a long voyage.

But we are anticipating. We have not yet landed the cargo of the Firefly. This Firefly was the outward bound vessel, which, having been communicated with, had steamed to carry the wrecked company of the P. and O. boat, not to Bengal and Calcutta but to the city of Bombay, whence passengers would either haste overland to the eastern presidency, or take another boat round the peninsula.

It was on that day when the Firefly steamed into Bombay Roads (a) when Lota again saw the Indian sky, and Indian land-

(a) BOMBAY ROADS.—Bombay is divided: there is the "white" town, and the "black" town. The first, of which we give a view from the roadstead, is the European quarter. Under the general name of the Fort, it comprises

scape, and such figures as had been about her throughout the time when her memory held good. It was when these things met her view that she sat down and asked herself what must her future life be?—then, as she thought what was her existence? A mere endurance; a life which was divided against itself. On one hand, she was an Indian, who had sacrificed herself in order to become a spy upon the English; on the other hand, her own child was partially English; her husband whom she loved was English, and the Christian faith had spoken to her, and the English life had nestled in her heart, and was impregnable.

She could not serve two gods—or Siva, or the Saviour. Between them she knew she must soon choose, or die in the struggle. The war in her own heart was weakening it.

She was thinking thus as she sat looking out from her cabin window towards Bombay.

She was still in deep helpless thought when she felt herself touched on the shoulder.

"You want me?" she said, in Sanscrit (b).

"No," replied Lota, evidently cringing.

"Yes," continued the Indian; her face assuming a fierce, intense expression.

"It would seem you are wiser than myself," replied Lota.

"Am I not older?" she replied.

"What do you want with me, Vengha? Is the child well?"

"He sleeps—in life for the present—and in the Scotchwoman's arms. What do I want with you, Lota!"—then she reared herself, something like a pythoness when about to spring upon some shivering animal. "It is to warn you that you tremble! We thought when you saw India that your eyes would brighten, and your heart expand. But, no: you wear your eyes upon the ground; and for your heart—'tis heavy, Lota! Do you recall the temple of the Great God Siva?"

"Too well!"

"Too well thou canst not recall thy oath!"

"I do remember it, as vividly as though 'twere yesterday, my Vengha! I can recall the cruel steel—the still more cruel eyes; I remember my hand rising in the air, and devoting myself to India's anger! I hear the shout that rent the air! But since that day I have gathered much experience, Vengha!"

"And what is it?"

"The knowledge how to pity and forgive!"

"Forgive?"

"Oh, blame me not—blame our God Siva, that he has not strengthened me in my world of hate! When I swore, I was fevered with hate towards Europe; and if I devoted myself to my English husband, it was that I might devote him to my land! Tell me, Vengha—thou who art older than myself—is Siva almighty to keep alight in the hearts of his followers the flames of hate? or does he rekindle them when they have once died out?"

"Why dost thou ask this?"

"Because this burning hate no longer devours me."

"Lota!"

"I am no longer the same woman. I fear, and do most fear myself. My child, whom I vowed to abhor, even before his birth, turns upon me with its love for its very nurse, Jessie. It was you who forced me to put away that child from my breast. Then, for six months, I did not kiss him, you being the authoress of that wickedness; and to what end? For bidden to touch him, I but loved him more. By day I thought of him, and by night I dreamt. I saw him on his nurse's breast and I was jealous. He stretched, every now and then, his arms to me, being coaxing to do so by his nurse, and then I was wretched. Then my husband, whom I had vowed to hate,

I loved the more." "I pictured him in the Crimea, seeking that death which was, I know, more welcome to him than life, and I trembled. Yet, though I loved the father and the son, I did obey you, Vengha, and I do obey. And why? Because I trust that Siva will instil into my heart once more that hatred of the Christians which has changed to partial love. But Siva does not strengthen me, and I feel remorse at the life I lead. I feel guilty, equally before Indians and Englishmen, Vengha. I do no longer hate." Canst thou tell me—do I love?"

"Love? It is forbidden. Siva knows no love."

"That do I know," answered Lota, "and, therefore, I strive. Vengha, do you recall our Indian nights of storm. The thunder roars, the lightning hisses, the wind rises in its rage, trees are swept from the earth, and even tigers and serpents tremble. Such a storm is one vast danger and destruction."

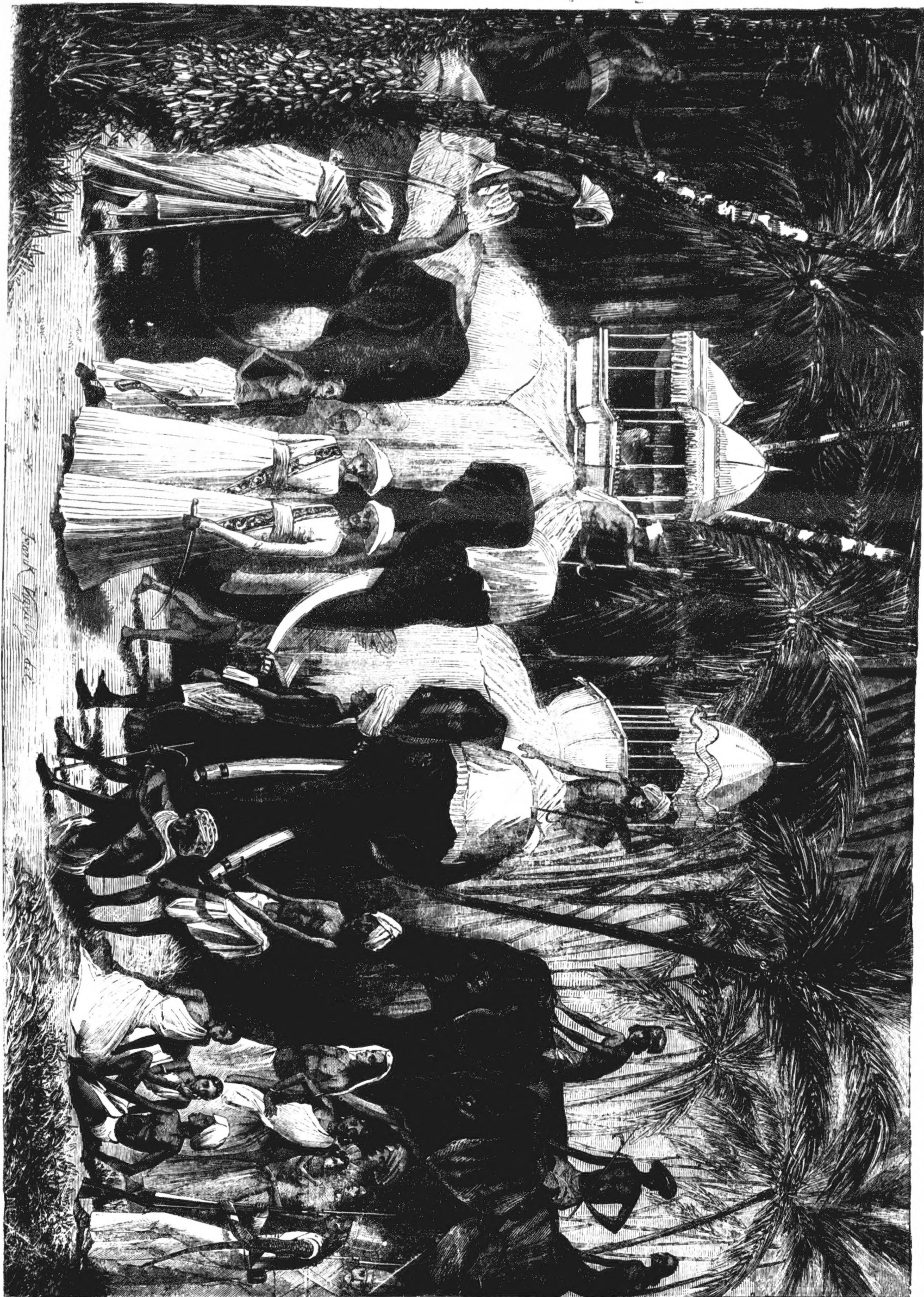
(b) The Sanscrit is the sacred language of the Indians, and is spoken only by the Brahmins—and not by all of them.



GENERAL HAVELOCK.

She turned, and saw that it was Vengha.

the Government-house, custom-house, barracks, arsenal, docks, &c.; and within the bounds live the Europeans, official and mercantile. Residence within the walls, however, is not healthy; and in certain seasons the inhabitants find it convenient to retire as much as possible to the "black town," without the walls, which is built with a greater regard to the burning temperature of the country. Here the poorer classes live, in houses built of dull clay, and thatched with cool palm-leaf leaves. Within the Fort the houses are mostly of wood, covered with tiles, which provoke a degree of heat that verandahs fail to compensate. Looking at our engraving from left to right, our readers may see the landing-place, a noble pile of stone steps, situate at the end of a mole; then a quay, which is simply a strip of land, connecting the mole with the city. Further on, past some tall sheds, may be seen the steeples of the Catholic Church; the Government offices and barracks immediately follow; then a great covered "slip" (for ship-building purposes), the Cathedral, the Museum, and that portion of the city which the elevation of the ground permits us to see from the water. The fortifications of Bombay are extensive, and would require a numerous garrison for their defence. Towards the sea the works are very strong, but are comparatively weak on the land side.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE RAJAH DHIRENDR DATT AND HIS BROTHER.

Frank Burgess del.

"True!" replied Vengha; "that is truth that thou shouldst not forget."

"But after the storm, what happens? The winds fall to whispers and the clouds dispersing, open up to view the bright morning star; then comes the day-break, and the gladdening of the sky. Then the sun rises, and we Indians kneel and pray all lovingly."

Vengha shuddered, and folded himself closely in her shawl. Not a word said she.

"I cannot retain the night," cried Lota—"its storm, its lightning and its anger. A night passes, also my clouds, and then I see two bright stars above me: one is above a cradle, the other on the forehead of a noble man. Vengha, accuse me not of treason, since I tell you all. Pray for me—pray to Siva to call me back to my old self; let him sweep these stars from my life—these stars which grow daily brighter. Pray for me, or I shall fall upon my knees before my husband and child."

And here she fell upon her knees before Vengha herself. The Indian sat silently looking down upon her whom she called mistress in the hearing of the world. She was still closely wrapped in her drapery. After a time she spoke.

"Have no fear!" she said. "Hate and anger, in the young, are difficult; and when they grow weak, and at last appear to be dead, they are but gaining greater strength by sleep. When the signal-gun sounds, they start from their slumber, in the full power of renewed strength: when thy country, thy father, and thy people call upon thee, the dawning thing thou dost call love will vanish. Be brave and hopeful—a little while and the promised hour will be at hand. Once more, I say, have no fear!"

And here the curtain of the cabin was shaken, and Jessie asked permission to enter. She had come, with the sleeping little Arthur in her arms, to lay him down on his own particular shelf—for you could not call it a cot or a bed.

Jessie fixed her sharp, brown eyes full upon Vengha, and with the usual satisfactory success. Vengha stood it for a few moments, and then went.

Jessie had seen her lady kneeling, but with Scotch discretion she turned off her discovery very neatly, by asking Lady St. Maur was she by some chance looking for a pin?

"Yes," said her lady, thereby confirming her belief that there was more in the posture than appeared on the surface; for Jessie was sharp enough to know that when you are so badly off for an excuse as to accept one a friend in need will make for you, why must be indeed frightfully in want of excuses.

"Is the child asleep, Jessie?"

"Yes, my lady."

Here Jessie laid the little fellow on the shelf.

"Hay, my lady, wad ye jest spy at the beauty's face now? It's jest a picture."

The mother went up to the little bedside, and looked down upon the little boy. He was a really handsome little fellow, and so prepossessing that perhaps Jessie was right, and her remark was not due to Scotch prejudice, when she persistently said that "the verri fact of Vengha not liking little Arthur was proof enow to show that nobody ought to like her."

"Is she bonnie?" she asked.

"He is well enough, Jessie," said Lota, but in a tone that expressed more love than the words stood for.

"'Tis jest diamonds which come in the heart to see the bonnie bairn, and they jest melt and come to the e'e in the shep o' tears, my lady."

"That will do," said Lady St. Maur. "Leave him with me."

The nurse left the cabin, and then the mother looked hesitatingly at her sleeping son.

After a time she murmured to herself, "What shape took my oath? To hate this innocent child? What did I swear? I cannot remember—I have no power to remember. But I can recall all Jessie's words. She said when she looked upon him that there grew diamonds in the heart, which melted into tears, and fell from the eyes. 'That was a gentle thought of Jessie's. But what did I swear?—what were my words to Siva?'"

Then, after a pause to remember them, she continued, "I cannot recall my oath near this child."

"Recall it, Lota," said a voice at her elbow; "as thy feet touch India once more, recall it in a few moments, when the water shall be no longer under thy feet."

The speaker was Vengha, who had noiselessly entered the cabin. It appeared to be one of the peculiar faculties of this woman to move without sound, and to be always at the elbow, like an evil thought, when it was best away.

Lota glanced through the window, and saw that the shore was almost upon them.

She had no power of reply. Again her heart was being rent asunder—one half clung to her love for husband and child, the other half to her memory, and what she called her duty.

And while she thus remained speechless, her husband ran into the cabin.

"Lotty," he cried; "by Jove, here we are! We'll go overland to our old quarters at Cawnpore; and by Jove, I expect I shall obtain a commission in the old regiment. You're an Englishwoman now; and if the women showed you the cold feather, you would only have to show them the boy, and I'm quite sure they'd welcome you back to Cawnpore. God bless thee, lass!"

And so saying, St. Clive put one arm round his wife's waist, and the other over the breast of the sleeping child.

Thus situated, Lota glanced at Vengha, and saw her standing cruel, defiant, and remorseless; in all, terrible to look upon.

She turned her eyes quickly to the husband and child, and something filled her breast like FRACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.

It is now time to say something about Havelock, for when the vessel in which Sir Clive took his departure from England cast her moorings in December, what between the voyage and the wreck, sufficient time has passed to carry the world into the February of 1857; and as, therefore, but three poor, short months have to pass before our chronicle of the English blood poured out in murder is to begin, it is but right that we should give some account of the great general who was the first to distinguish himself in the conduct of English retribution upon India, as the late Lord Clyde was the last; and more successful soldier, because the more fortunate.

And we are the more justified in printing some account of the life of this great man, because we are enabled to present our readers with one of the most faithful portraits ever produced of the general, and, furthermore, because we have particulars of his life to which very little, if any, publicity has been given.

On one day of the year 1795, and high amongst the cold winds of North Britain, at Bishop Wearmouth, was born Henry Havelock. If any old woman of Wearmouth of that day predicted a bright future for this child and declared the stars were promising—the prediction and declaration have not come down to this enlightened day—but ah! if stars could foretell bright futures, what a future could they not have foretold for Henry Havelock—at last Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow—with a niche in the memories of men not far from that of Wellington.

Very little is known of Havelock's early life; it is a pity, for the least particular of a great public man is of interest to his admirers. That he was ever brave, though never to rashness, may very well be understood, and that he was born fearless, the following anecdote will show. We do not vouch for the truth of it, for it bears a close resemblance to a tale told of Nelson, but as we have heard it, here it is:—"When about seven years of age, our hero climbed a

tree to get at a bird's nest, the nest being excessively high, and built on a very slender branch. Young Havelock, keeping his eyes on the nest, climbed on and on till he grasped it, full of blue eggs as it was. It may be supposed he gave a boy's leap of victory, but certain it is that the branch snapped, and down came the young fellow, nest and all. The branches between the tree top and the ground must have broken his fall immensely, or he never could have lived—but striking the ground at last he became insensible, and there lay till found by one of his father's servants. When brought to—when pretty well himself again—for he had only been stunned—some one asked him whether he was not frightened when the branch snapped and he felt himself falling? 'No,' said the little fellow, 'I did not think of being frightened; I had enough to do to think of the eggs, for I thought they would be sure to be smashed to pieces.'"

And is not this anecdote a clue to Havelock's character? Fearlessness and mercy. With us it is so good a clue that we believe the story. We believe that the Havelock of that day thought more of even embryo birds than his own danger. Does not his day prove it?

Another anecdote illustrative of his judgment, calculation, and forethought, is this. Upon the occasion of a dog worrying a sheep most savagely, the boy—then about twelve—did not run at the infuriated beast and kick it with his boot, as his bravery alone would have prompted him to act; the forethought and calculation coming to his aid, he felt sure of a safer means than kicking. He turned to a neighbouring haystack, made a hay-rope—there is considerable strength in a well-made hay-rope—and coming up to the savage animal, he flung his rope round the creature's neck, and, to speak in the St. Giles's parlance, choked him off effectually. Then flinging the dog into a pond to cool and recover, he himself walked home as though nothing unusual whatever had occurred.

And surely there is evidence in this anecdote to show that the child is father to the man, and that he who could rout one savage could rout fifty thousand.

Havelock's parents were both well descended—not that that is a tremendous recommendation, and not that the general possibly thinks so: his father's ancestors long resided at Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and his father gained a large fortune by turning to trade—he was a ship-builder at Sunderland. Having built ships till he had built a fortune, he quitted the fogs and smoke, and noise, of that noisy port for the mild breezes and smiling landscapes of Kent; he purchased Ingress Park, near Dartford, and held that estate for many years.

His mother descended from the Ettrick family, which for ages on ages had breathed at High Barnes, and made it their home, and so through that lady the general had some Scotch blood in his veins. And, indeed, the combination of the rash, brave blood of the Anglo-Saxon with that of the cautious, unswerving Scot, is a combination which has been the great good fortune of many men.

The time came when it was necessary to think of our hero's education, and after some deliberation he was admitted to the Charterhouse—great temple of thumping, learning, and pluck!

Possibly Havelock, being so happily constituted, did not feel much of that hardest of all illnesses to bear—home sickness—when he went away from the glades and hills of the home park overlooking the Thames, to the darkness and bullying of the old Charterhouse. Possibly he fagged without tears, held out his hand to be ruled, sir, without a tremor, defied kickings, and scorned to yell.

Though, for our own part, we don't think that Havelock met with much of that thrashing which most English youths who are so lucky as to get into public schools come in for. There is such an admiration for pluck amongst the English youths, that they are not hard upon those who show that they know what pluck is; whereas, on the other hand, a boy who wears eyes continually pink with weeping, as continually is beaten nearly dead by all who are not of Havelock's constitution. For we do not think Havelock, when he came to have a fag, used him very ill; he gave him a cricket innings sometimes, and too often the stumps only.

There is an anecdote told of him while a Charterhouse boy, which redounds as much to his credit as his obstinacy. We have it from the same source as the other anecdotes we have given; a doubtful source we are sorry to admit—sorry, because the whole anecdotes are so kindly, evidence such manliness and gentle courage, that we regret we have not the assurance of their truth from the general himself.

Here is the Charterhouse anecdote:—A usual fight was going on, when the smaller of the two champions got his head into chancery, and caught it awfully. He was done for, and, receiving the finishing stroke, fell prone to the ground. Now Havelock was smaller than the smaller combatant; yet, nevertheless, he made a rush at the victorious party, as he was congratulating himself and being congratulated, and "fetched him a crack" (that is the correct expression) in the back, whereat the receiver turned round and did so act and so discomfort young Havelock, that that youth brought up with his Latin next morning a considerably black eye.

The amiable doctor of that day had young Havelock before him straight. Said he, when questioned as to the eye, "It came there, sir," said he, when in the usual way he was lectured touching the ends of Ananias and Sapphira. "It came there, sir," and when ultimately he found that elevation which many a boy has found before and since his time, he declared hard and fast that "It came there, sir."

'Tis true, it was a white lie; but then it was almost noble. He told it to save the big bully a thrashing, and he took one himself quite willingly in his place.

Doublets the young Henry thought the time would be a happy one when he should step from the old school out into the world. Alas! misfortune, and vexation, and struggles were waiting for him on the threshold of the door. He came forth, and they took him in possession, and the old school days were a pleasant dream only to look back upon and long for from this side the walls.

For his father's fortunes declined just as the boy was springing into the man. Speculations will turn out bad, losses will occur, though there is a steady hand and a clear experience to stay them. The elder Havelock was so encumbered, that the pleasant Kent Park estate had to be sold. It was sold to Government; and Government happens to have it now. Government has at no time been struck with the desirability of handing it back to the family.

Well, Havelock's father determined upon turning his son Henry into a lawyer! Think of that—the fearless boy, the champion of little ones, and the brave overcomer of savage dogs, to be tied down to a dull desk, before dull books, in the dullest of dull Temples. He who was not conquered by the stern doctor of Charterhouse to be utterly cast down by Coke upon Lyttleton; he who had fearlessly borne a black eye, to be forced to drop both eyes before shelves upon shelves of books bound in the bloodless law calf.

Well, he was entered at Middle Temple, and there he was. Think of him alone in his room, wearily turning page after page of the most stony reading in the world; then picture this to yourselves—he throws down the book with a sigh, turns to his Middle Temple fire, and idly beats the coals. Soon in the red caverns of the burning mass he sees the dear old house in the park, as it was when he and the rest lived there. The old park and house were gone for ever. For ever? No. What one man has gained another may. His father made the fortune with which the land and house were bought—why cannot he make money to buy them back again? He will—but how? Where is the path? The law. He looks round upon his soulless library, and shudders. Then in the coals he sees men battling, and at their head one who waves his sword, leading them on to victory. His brother—his elder brother, William, has shown what a Havelock can do as a soldier; he has been fighting

in Spain; he has won honours. Why should he not win honours too? He will!

The idea of being a soldier never seems to have left him while he ground away at that melancholy legal mill gentlemen entered at the Temple, Fleet-street, know the build of so well.

He attended the lectures of that eminent special pleader, Chitty. Perhaps that eminent man taught him how to plead his own cause, as he ultimately did, and so effectually.

At last the brooding fire of war was fanned into a great flame by the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo. He could bear this thralldom no longer; he specially pleaded that his brother's interest might be used to gain him a commission; and so good was that interest, that in a month from the time when the cannon of Waterloo shook the air, Havelock had flung away those odious books for ever, and buckled on the sword.

He was first appointed second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade (95th Regiment), in which he received his military training—no difficult matter for him, we should say, who had been born a soldier.

Our hero was now happy—he was in the army; but the long war was at an end, peace breathed over tranquil Europe, and men sat by village fires in all countries, counting their wounds and telling the history of them. Men were tired of fighting, and gladly hung up their swords and let them rust, or else turned them into ploughshares.

Havelock stood this inactive life for eight long years, serving during that time in various parts of the United Kingdom; and at the end of that time, seeing probably that there was no road to military fortune at home, he exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and in the year 1823 sailed for India and good fortune.

In the following year the Burmese war broke out, and Havelock was made deputy assistant adjutant-general, and while bearing that rank was present at the actions of Napader, Patanoga, and Paghan.

That war ended, he formed one of an embassy to the Court of Ava, then the capital of the Burmese dominions, and during that expedition he had the tremendously high honour of having an audience with the "Golden Foot," which was a part of the personal anatomy of the King of Burmah. It was at this imposing and auspicious audience that the treaty of peace was signed.

In 1827 Havelock burst into literature with the "History of the Ava Campaigns," in which he commented very freely on the war, and which met with an extended sale. Also in the same year he became adjutant of the Military Depot at Chinsurah. And also in the same year occurred the event of a man's life—he was married, being at the date of the ceremony thirty-two years of age.

Of the kind lady he married we may say nothing, but that she was the daughter of the late admirable Rev. Dr. Marsham, a Baptist missionary at Serampore.

Some of our readers may have once seen this lady. On occasion of the first performance of an Indian piece of music by the late M. Jullien (father of the present popular leader), and at one of his promenade concerts, Lady Havelock and her daughters were in the house, in a private box; and though M. Jullien's conduct in openly speaking of the lady's presence, and pointing her out to the audience, was far from estimable, the result was gratifying. For upon the quiet lady coming forward to the Frenchman's call, she was received with such a thunder of admiration and applause, that the echo of the huzzas must have cheered the hearts of the brave fellows toiling under the mercile Indian sun; for we are here speaking of a time a few months later than the arrival of Clive in India.

The Chinsurah establishment was soon after broken up, when Havelock returned to his regiment; thence he went to Calcutta, worked hard in Oriental languages, and passed his examination at the college. Immediately after he was appointed, by Lord William Bentinck, adjutant of his corps, then under the command of Sir Robert Sale.

Then came years of Indian peace for Havelock. A family was born to him. He learnt to know the great blessings of domestic happiness, and so his life rippled smoothly on. No hints of duelling, playing, carding, and worse, being heard about him; although cards, looseress, and debauchery were perhaps the common order of the Indian English of the period. So his life sped quietly on till 1838, when the cannon of war again troubled the air.

In 1838, after having served twenty-three years as a subaltern, he got his company, and set out with the army organized for the invasion of Afghanistan, he being on the staff of General Sir Willoughby Cotton. He served throughout the Afghan campaign, and assisted at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul.

Upon his return to India he wrote his "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign," printed in London. It was successful, but not so much so as the first work of the general's mentioned.

He shortly afterwards returned to the Punjab, in charge of a detachment, and was then placed on the staff of General Elphinstone, as interpreter of the Persian language.

The next chapter of Havelock's life was joining Sir Robert Sale, on that general's retreat to India, after the attack of the Eastern Ghilzes on Cabul. He was one of those who forced the Khord Canal Pass, was present at the action of Tezcan, and in every engagement of the British till they reached Jellalabad. In this latter place he made, in conjunction with his friends Major Macgregor and Captain Broadfoot (the chief direction being under Sir Robert Sale), that memorable defence which has become a bright page in the history of our occupation of India. Moreover, he wrote the whole of the despatches—despatches which have been most highly commended.

And it was in this defence that he performed his first daring military exploit for which any publicity was gained. In the final attack on Mohammed Akbar, which compelled the latter to raise the siege, he, Havelock, commanded the right column, and utterly defeated the enemy before either of the other columns could come up to his assistance.

This daring and great feat brought him its reward—a majority and Companionship of the Bath.

Following this, again, his accomplishment of languages served him. He was appointed Persian interpreter to General Pollock, and while holding that appointment, was present at the action of Mamoo Kbal. He then formed part of General Sir John M'Caskill's force which marched for Kohistan (Land of Mountains), and took a brilliant part in the attack on Istahiff.

Indeed, it would be useless to follow the thread of the general's battles. It would seem, as you read the memoir of his military life, that no battle could take place without Havelock—wherever danger was, there he was too; fearless, dauntless, he seemed to bear a charmed life. From 1841 to 1845 his sword was continually in his hand, his brain was continually as hard at work as that sword, and indeed his promotion seems but slow business seeing the hard work he was forever at.

At the Sikh battles of 1845 he was, of course, present, and then it was he had some most narrow escapes. In the battle of Moodkee alone he twice felt the shock of a horse struck dead under him, and at the battle of Sohraon a cannon-ball came so near our hero as to enter the horse he was riding through the very saddle cloth itself. The animal fell with his rider, who, though stunned and drenched with his good animal's blood, was unhurt himself, and was soon in the thick of the battle again, fighting for victory and a name.

At the end of the campaign on the Sutlej, he received the appointment of deputy adjutant-general of the Queen's troops at Bombay.

But if the leaden hail spared him, it did not the other brother of the family, who had fought against Napoleon in Spain and at Waterloo; for in 1848, and during the second Sikh war, he was shot dead.

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